THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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LEGEND OF SMITH O'BRIEN.

Oscar Wilde Relates a Story of the Leader of the Young Ireland Party, Which Does Credit to Irish Honor.

How a Poor, Half Famished Old Apple Woman Refused to Betray Him When He Had "a Reward on His Head."

It was in a London drawing-room. The delightful atmosphere of home which prevails in an English home had rubbed out all of everybody's little cares and annoyances, and contentment reigned. The hostess was pouring the tea and Oscar Wilde was talking. When Oscar Wilde talks everybody listens to that wittiest, saddest, most cynical, most original talker of London society, the reviver of an almost lost art. The subject was poor Ireland, her helplessness, and last of all the Irish character.

Oscar Wilde is an ardent lover of his country and his compatriots, and he warmed to his subject. When was there ever, said he, a finer, braver soul than Smith O'Brien? Is there another country where in this century you find men like Smith O'Brien, who fling aside power, influence, wealth, position, all for the sake of their struggling country? No; it is out of fashion to be patriotic when patriotism runs counter to your interests. You may laugh if you please at Smith O'Brien's bloodless revolution, but the spirit of the true Irishmen—brave, self-denying, impetuous—was in him. I will tell you a story to show you how the people appreciated him. You all know how O'Brien was exiled to Australia, and how on his return, fortune and many friends gone from him, his life was weary and monotonous, I was a little lad nine or ten years old, and a great favorite with him. My father's house was one of the few houses he visited, as he had a great admiration for my mother. He found me one day poring over Plutarch, to whom I had just been introduced.

"Shut the book, lad," he said, "and let me tell you a story of heroism and patriotism, the like of which you'll not find in Plutarch or anywhere else. It was ten years ago, before I was sent out to Australia. You know the story of the rebellion—the hopes that were fixed on its results, the ambition for country, the longing for a free Ireland that gave strength and purpose to us all. You know, too, alas, how it failed. One by one I saw the little band of my followers suffer for their boldness and temerity, and at last I was alone, and with a price of £10,000 upon my head. One night, discouraged and worn, angry with myself and resenting my precarious life spent in hiding, I determined to surrender myself to the constabulary, and resolute in this decision I walked out boldly into the night. It was dark and lowering. Few people were about, frequent threatening showers had driven nearly everyone indoors. Only the poor and homeless were in the street. I trod along the wet pavement, brooding over my troubles and wondering what the future held—whether death or exile would be my portion, and thinking indifferently enough, too, of my fate.

"Suddenly, huddled up against a doorway, I saw an old apple woman. Her wares were sheltered under a huge cotton umbrella, and she herself, her plaid shawl wrapped tightly about her shoulders, sat in the porch, protected little enough against the rain and cold. She was old, and her face was weather beaten and haggard. Her hands were wrinkled and shriveled into the semblance of claws. Her gray hair was disheveled and stray locks hung against her cheek. A sudden impulse took possession of me. Ten thousand pounds! A fortune! I had a distinct commercial value! What a dazzling vista even the fiftieth part of that sum would open for this poverty crushed old woman! Why should she not deliver me up to the authorities and receive the reward? I stepped up nearer to her and stood in the full glare of the flickering street lamp, pushed back my hat from my forehead and waited, looking her full in the face. She gave a start, her mouth twitched, and her glittering eyes under their sunken lids riveted themselves upon me.

"'Do you know whom I am?" I asked presently.

"'Do I know ye, Smith O'Brien? God bless ye, the man who gave up all for his country and got nothin'. Nothin' but bad luck and misfortune. Ah, yes, sure, yer honor, I know ye.'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I am Smith O'Brien. All the poor lads who went out with me are dead, in prison or in exile. The struggle's all over and there's but one thing for me to do now—give myself up.'

"'Oh for the love o' God, no,' she cried, with a ring of terror in her heart; 'you'll be the saviour of us all yet—please God.'

"I shook my head, although the tone touched my heart.

"'No, it is useless, I give myself up; but see there's a great reward offered for me. Whoever gives me over to the authorities receives £10,000—£10,000! It's a fortune. You are old and poor and suffering. Come with me, you, and give me up, and I will feel that I have helped at least one person in my poor country.'

"She struggled to her feet behind her apple stand and almost ran to my side. The cotton umbrella fell, and some of her poor wares rolled to the the pavement.

"'Is it to me ye're spakin', Smith O'Brien, is it me ye're tryin' to tempt with bribes to betray the patriot, the rebel, the man that's made all Ireland love and honor his name, an' that o'en the children pray for! Thank God, poor an' miserable as I am, I've been an honest woman all my days, an' it's not now I'd begin goin' wrong an' doin' evil. Bethray you, Smith O'Brien, 'tis curain' the one that 'ud do it, that I'd be indeed; and shame to ye that ye could think to find an Irish heart untrue to you and an Irish woman that would give her life an' her children's lives to save and help ye.'

"She was weeping, that poor, true-hearted soul. I felt a great sense of shame that I had proposed such an expedient to her. And I felt keenly her indignation. The tears were in my own eyes when I took the dirty, withered hand in mine and kissed it with as much reverence in my heart as I would have felt for my own mother.

"'Thank you,' I said, 'you have given me heart. Good night, and God bless you!'

"'Good night, yourself, and God bless you, yer honor,' she sobbed, an' for the love o' heaven don't run into danger this night.'

"But I walked away and delivered myself straight to the officers of the law, and was sent to Australia forwith. But the memory of that old woman comforted me many's the time. And I can always say that I have known one great and single hearted heroine."—*New York Press.*

Views of a Federalist.

[To the Editor.]

If Home Rule is to be attained in the face of many adverse circumstances it is evident that the Irish people, or their leader, must go back to the ideas of the founders of the Home Rule movement. They must revert to Federalism, for it was through deviating from it that Parnell failed. No thoughtful Irishman can deny that Federalism is better than a statutory parliament with a lord lieutenant at the head of the executive. Yet it is between these two that a choice has to be made Federalism would disarm much of the opposition made to the other form of Home Rule. It would silence the cry of dismembering the empire, and if the Irish adopted the principle of Federalism the whole fiction of Unionism would be exploded. Under Federalism the Westminster parliament and the imperial cabinet would remain unaltered; but the respective powers of the local legislatures and of the federal (or imperial) parliament would be defined. To accept Federalism would bring strength to Ireland's cause in these ways: the United Kingdom would still remain united, and Scotland, Wales, England, and London would each be anxious for a local legislature. The weak points of Ireland's present case are that repeal disintegrates the kingdom, and the granting of an exceptional form of government to Ireland is likely to arouse the envy of her sisters—England and Scotland. The creation of five local legislatures, federally united through the imperial parliament, would relieve the latter of half its work, which is becoming too onerous. Finally, federal institutions are in line with modern political improvements. Austro-Hungary, Germany, and Australia approve them; and they work satisfactorily wherever they are adopted. W.

The Arena for June.

Seldom does a magazine offer a more varied or interesting table of contents than the June *Arena*, as will be seen by the following subject matter: Newly Discovered Properties of the Ether, by Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts University; The Rights of Children, by Rev. Minot J. Savage; Ishmaelites of Civilization, or the Democracy of Darkness, by B. O. Fowler; editor of the *Arena*; The Lake Dwellers of Switzerland, a delightful historical paper, by W. D. McCracken, A.M., author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic;" Three English Poets, a critical paper, by Louise Chandler Moulton; The Bedrock of True Democracy, by A. C. Houston; A Flaw in the Public School System, by Rabbi Solomon Schindler; The History of Life Insurance, by David Holway: Automatic Writing, by B. F. Underwood; Why She Did It, by Frederick Taylor, F.R.G.S., a sketch in which is given to the public for the first time the reasons which led the daring and intrepid lady, M. French Sheldon, to penetrate the savage wilds of Africa; The True Basis of Currency, by Miles M. Dawson; the first paper of the *Arena's* anonymous series of "Confessions," The Physician; the closing chapters of "A Spoil of Office," by Hamlin Garland. Books reviewed by the editor: Miss Gardner's new novel, Rev. M. J. Savage's "Irrepressible Conflict," Mr. Henry Wood's God's Image in Man, Mr. Andrew J. Palm's The Death Penalty, and others. The *Arena* opens its new volume with vigor and power.

"It has cured others and will cure you" is true only of Ayer's Sarsparilla. The motto suits the medicine and the medicine the motto. What better assurance could you have that a remedy will cure you, than the fact that it has cured multitudes of others?

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

ILLINOIS HIBERNIANS.

They Hold a Most Successful Convention at Decatur, and Listen to an Eloquent Sermon by Rev. Father Mackin.

Other Business of Importance Transacted.

[To the Editor.]

DECATUR, Ill., June 16.—On Tuesday, the 14th inst., in this city, the sixteenth biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was duly opened by State Delegate L. W. Henely of Chicago. After the usual invocation by prayer, of God's blessing, on the deliberations of the convention, City Attorney McDonald was introduced to the assembly. He said that, as the representative of Mayor Chambers, who was unavoidably absent from the city, it afforded him much pleasure to bid the members of this convention a most cordial welcome to Decatur, and extend to them during their stay here, the freedom and hospitality of the city. He assured the members of the convention that the citizens of Decatur were in full accord with the noble sentiments which were embodied in the grand motto: "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," of the A. O. H. He declared to the convention his high esteem for the noble noble efforts of all worthy Irishmen in times gone past, when the welfare of the United States needed the cordial co-operation of all true men. It was then that the stalwart and every loyal Irishman marched shoulder to shoulder with his American brother, and fought to a successful issue, for the flag of our glorious country. These and kindred reflections begot a peculiar glow of warmth in his bosom and for the A. O. H. and all other organizations of worthy Irishmen and their descendants. In conclusion he said: "Gentlemen of the A. O. H., in the name of the citizens of Decatur, I again bid you welcome, and I assure you that we will prove to you by our special efforts made to add to your comforts while among us, that you will say when you return to your homes, that nowhere in the United States do more hospitable people live than in Decatur, Ill."

The more than courteous kindness manifested by the citizens in various ways emphasized the truth of the pledges made by the eloquent and accomplished city attorney.

The city was fairly "awing" with beautiful American and Irish flags, streamers and banners. Decatur has done herself proud on this occasion, and has shown the intelligent and truly American spirit which underlies the actions of her progressive citizens. The population of Decatur is possibly about 20 000 souls, and it presents evidences of material and intellectual advancement far beyond the range of the average city in any part of our great country. It is surely destined to become a great city. In electric street cars and hotel accommodations the sprightly city is certainly a gem. The members of the convention found the St. Nicholas Hotel all that could be expected. On Wednesday morning, June 15, the various delegations, headed by Goodman's band of sixteen pieces, formed in front of Hibernian Hall, and marched to St. Patrick's church, where the Very Rev. Father Mackin celebrated mass as a special mark of courtesy.

After mass the reverend gentleman addressed himself to the delegates present, and said in substance:

FATHER MACKIN'S ADDRESS.

"Gentlemen of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, it affords me much pleasure to welcome you to Decatur. It is meet and proper that you should come here today to the church of your own glorious St. Patrick. I need only look into your faces and feel by intuition who you really are—the true and ever faithful sons of St. Patrick, and lovers of the dear old land so dear to the hearts of all true Irishmen. Of the noble instincts that prompt your actions, I cannot find words sufficiently expressive to convey to you my admiration of their import. Friendship, Unity and true Christian Charity, the mottoes of your Order, are the Alpha and Omega, as it were, of all that is grand and inimitable of true Christianity. Unity! Oh, how admirable at once so forcibly and convincingly illustrated by the Holy Trinity, and again by our glorious St. Patrick in our own 'Dear Little Shamrock.' Would to God that all Irishmen, the world over, practiced 'Unity' more; better results would ensue. By the practice of this virtue, Irishmen in days of old, after 300 years' incessant conflict with the Danish invader, at last drove the brutal enemy from their country forever, under the guidance of their saintly leader, Brian Boru. For over 700 years we have been battling with the hated Anglo-Saxon enemy, but alas! we have not yet succeeded in obliterating him. 'Charity!' The very quintessence of all religion, another of your grand mottoes, the more we practice it the more surely will come 'Unity,' and, correlatively speaking, 'Friendship,' as a matter of course, must quickly follow. Thus are your guiding mottoes the grandest that mankind can adopt, and as such, make your missionaries of God, spreading among his children, the choicest treasures handed down to us thrugh the medium of Christianity.

This is an age of trusts, combinations and gigantic corporations, and it is imperative for men to associate themselves together for mutual protection and assistance. There are combinations of men in this country and other lands whose dearest object is opposition to Irishmen, only because they are true Irishmen and devoted members of the Catholic church. These should be the proudest, as they are the dearest attributes of every son of St. Patrick, who for faith and fatherland, have fought, bled and died in the past, and are just as ready and willing to do the same in the future. We are strong enough to take care of ourselves in this land, and we care not who knows it, and we desire that our 'dark lantern' enemies particularly shall know this. We have Irishmen today capable of adorning every dignified calling or profession in life. Like St. Patrick of old, our great mission is to spread the beauties of Christianity broadcast without the shedding of human blood. It has been, in the providence of God, the destiny of the Irish people driven by oppression from their own land, to be a land of missionaries, not alone her ecclesiastics, but her sons and daughters as well, and as such, gentlemen of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, you are doing a noble missionary work, and God's blessing will most assuredly attend your labors. May you go forward to success after success. May the young men of our race and creed throughout the United States, and wherever true Irishmen dwell, see as they should, that the time for a glorious union of hearts and hands has come—that our canopy should be adorned by the white angelic wings of peace, and hosannas of praise pour forth from the throats of the millions glorifying the principles of Friendship, Unity and true Christian Charity."

Father Mackin has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in the State of Illinois, and on this occasion the reverend gentleman never spoke to better effect. His heart and soul were in his address. God and country were his watchwords, and his words sank deep into the hearts of all present. At the conclusion of his address the delegates and visiting brethren formed into line again and marched through the principal parts of the city, reaching their hall about 11 o'clock, when the business of the session was resumed.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Jas. became a Catholic his strong faith and piety were evidenced in his life, which was a source of edification to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance. The words of St. Vincent of Lerins might justly be applied to him: "He was a true and genuine Catholic that loved the truth of God, the church, the body of Christ; that preferred nothing before the religion of God, nothing before the Catholic faith; not any man's authority, not love, not learning, not eloquence, not philosophy, but contemning all these things, and abiding fixed and stable in the Catholic faith." Many of the English-speaking residents of Florence were present at the ceremony, among whom we noticed the Rev. J. P. Nugent of Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs Morgan and family, Mrs. White, Mrs. Fisher, the Misses O'Callaghan, Mr. D. Frere, Madam Mortarotti, Mrs. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Turton, Mrs. Digby Beste, Mrs. Marke, Mrs. Morgan Morgan, and others. The mass was celebrated by Father Carey, O.S.F., assisted by the fathers of the community.

THE CAPITOL CROSS.

It was during the Depretis ministry some years ago that the brilliant idea of removing the Cross which surmounted the Capitol, and replacing it by a statue of Rome, was proposed and executed. Now, however, an association has been formed with the object of inducing the municipality to replace the Cross on the celebrated hill. They declare that it was a historical sacrilege to efface the grand souvenirs which make of Rome the very embodiment of modern civilization. The savants have declared that the erection of the Capitol Cross took place under the Emperor Constantine. He convoked an assembly of Romans in the Forum of Trajan, and there caused a proclamation which is considered to be the most solemn of which history has preserved the text, that announcing the funeral of the pagan world, and the Christian crowning of the new world. Will the present Romans grant this prayer? That is the question.

CONGRESS OF SUBURBAN BISHOPS.

A congress of the Roman suburban bishops met at the Propaganda Fide recently. The *suburbicario* (suburban) Cardinals Monaco La Valletta, Drezila, Serafina, Parocchi and Bianchi, presided at the reunion. Their object was the discussion of purely local matters concerning the welfare of the various dioceses. Most of the bishops returned to their Sees for the celebration of Pentecost.

The Gaelic Class.

The cry is, "Still they come." On last Sunday there was an addition of four new members to the class. They are all young men, and promise to add enough to complete the number for the first company of our Irish-speaking militia to be drilled in the mother tongue. The entire school is progressing very favorably. The Gaelic class has done another thing of which all should, and many patriotic Irishmen do, feel proud as well as grateful. Mr. Finerty, editor of THE CITIZEN, having represented to the management of the Gettysburg panorama, the propriety of having the Irish Flag painted, in common with others, on the walls of the building, and this having been acceded to by the management, it was painted this week by a member of the Gaelic class, Mr. John O'Donoghue, of No. 632 W. Nineteenth street, one of the best sign writers of Chicago; and the secretary has been congratulated by many strangers attending the convention on the advance this lettering shows in Chicago's artistic culture.

The class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 3 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures where other preparations fail. It possesses medicinal merit Peculiar to Itself.

Constipation and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and, if neglected, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best preventative.

FROM ROME.

The Feast of St. Ferdinand—Death of a Philanthropic Military Man, who Devoted His Money to the Relief of the Maimed.

The Pope's Present Summer Retreat in the Vatican Gardens.

The Count Loubat, who has adorned the Cathedral of Perugia with a white marble statue of Leo XIII, also the Cathedral of Carpineto, the grand hall of the college at Washington and the hall of the propaganda with similar statues, has ordered a white marble bust of the late Cardinal Botelli, his great friend, for the church of Corciano, where he was born.

THE FEAST OF ST. FERDINAND.

In the Borghese chapel in Sta Maria Maggiore, was celebrated a grand high mass on the feast of St. Ferdinand. The Spanish ambassador to the Holy See was present with his household. Mgr. Salena, the archpriest of the Basilica, pontificated. This is done annually according to the intention of Philip III of Spain.

AN INDIAN MAGNATE.

The Maharaja of Baroda during his stay in Rome visited, among others, the studio of Sga. Nelli, and surprised those present by the knowledge he displayed of the sculptor's art. It is not his first visit to Italy, as he made a tour of most of the cities in 1887, when he remained some time in Venice and gave a large order for mural decorations in mosaic work.

DEATH OF GENERAL MAXWELL.

On the 20th of May the following notice appeared in the leading papers here: "Gen. Hamilton Maxwell, R.A., suddenly departed this life on Saturday, May 28, 1892, at 8:45 a.m." Gen. Maxwell was a great benefactor to the poor, his specialty being the supplying to those in the hospitals who required them artificial limbs and other mechanical appliances of a costly character which were quite beyond their power of acquiring. He did this for over eighteen years.

A FLORAL FETE.

At the floral fete given, in aid of charity in the Villa Borghese, the Queen Margherita appeared in a carriage exquisitely adorned with roses of all colors and white marguerites and a quantity of most costly and beautiful orchids. The students got up a kind of masquerade, dressed as peasants and driving in carts covered with foliage and flowers. Eight military bands enlivened the scene, which was most picturesque.

THE LEONINE CLUB.

The old proverb, "The nearer the Church the further from God," seemed true in that part of Rome, the Borgo, which is under the very windows of the Vatican, for it was a great centre of infidel clubs and anti-clericalism. However, last week the Catholic club called after the Pope, or after that part of the city, the Leonine assembled to vote an address of affection and loyalty to be presented to Leo XIII, a fact which gave the Holy Father much satisfaction and pleasure, and Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state, was instructed to thank, in the name of the Pope, the members of the club.

CULTURE OF THE VINE.

The parish priest of Mestrino, Dom Angelo Candeo, who is, it appears, very learned in viticulture and all that concerns vines, accompanied the Pope in his annual drive in the Vatican gardens and showed him the process of grafting, etc., and explained many methods of arresting the various diseases vines are subject to. The collection of vines for table use, as also of peas now in the gardens is a fine one, and collected from all parts of Europe.

THE POPE'S SUMMER RETREAT.

The elegant and artistic casino of Pius IV, in a shady part of the gardens and surrounded by fountains and running water, is now ready for the Pope's occupation during the long hot summer days. The furniture left the Pope by Cardinal Merimillod has been arranged in rooms. At 7 a.m. the Pope says mass in the Vatican, then makes a round of the extensive gardens in his carriage, and then enters the casino and takes a light breakfast. He then receives the cardinals on business and the prelates on their respective affairs. At one o'clock the Pope leaves the casino, and is borne in his sedan through shady avenues to the pavilion in the larger part of the garden, which is cooler, and where he rests during the heat of the afternoon. At 6 p.m. the Pope re-enters the Vatican.

ILL GUARDED ANTIQUITIES.

It is much to be regretted that the many antique objects found so constantly in and around Rome are not taken better care of. How often are ancient sarcophagi used for drinking troughs, fragments of fine old statues built into the walls, etc. Even the really beautiful statues of the Vestal Virgins are still standing about in their house unprotected from the weather. Some attempt to preserve many objects of artistic beauty and historical value was made near the Coliseum by erecting a rude kind of building as a temporary museum, but so badly has it been guarded, that some thieves, instigated it is said by persons who have orders for such things from America, had broken into the lonely building and carried away many highly interesting things—six or seven fine heads, a splendid bust, many things in bronze, precious articles, and vases, etc. What shows extraordinary carelessness is that no catalogue exists of the contents of this ill guarded depository of valuable antiquities.

GREAT HEAT IN ROME.

The thermometer is now at 90° during the day. Even in shaded rooms the thermometer is always at 76° and higher.

THE GARIBALDI COMMEMORETION AT CAPRERA.

Great numbers of pilgrims went to Caprera to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the death of Garibaldi. King Humbert sent a telegram to Menotti Garibaldi, who conducted the so-called pilgrimage. An unfortunate incident marred the proceedings. As the crowd were passing through the rooms of the small villa where Garibaldi died, the floor of one of them gave way, and six people were injured.

WORK AT THE LAW COURTS SUSPENDED.

The building of the new Law Courts is now suspended, which will add to the prevailing distress, as some hundreds were at work on it.

VANDALISM IN ROME.

The external bastions of the Castle of St. Angelo have been pulled down to widen the roadway leading to the bridge, an act of vandalism which most people regret.

THE LATE MR. SEPTIMUS WOOD.

The month's mind mass for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Septimus Wood was celebrated on Wednesday, June 1, in the Church of Ognissanti at Florence. A few years ago Mr. Wood filled positions of importance and influence in the Anglican church. He was rector of West Keal, Lincolnshire. He was a gentleman of large attainments. The convention was brought to his mind, after deep thought and study joined to fervent and earnest prayer, that the Established church formed no part of the Mystic Body of Christ; and that only in the Holy Catholic church was salvation to be found, and forthwith he resolved to enter it. From the time he Veals of Decatur, P. Dever of Chicago, and J. T. Donahue of Joliet, were appointed to invite Father Mackin to attend the afternoon session, that the convention might give him a personal and combined vote of thanks for his patriotic and cheering discourse after mass that day. The reverend gentleman kindly attended, and returned thanks for the compliment in suitable terms. The gist of

THE RESOLUTIONS

adopted was as follows: The resolutions in general cordially advised all Hibernians to do all in their power to make the World's Fair a success; recommended that national and state representatives bring about a reunion of all A. O. H. men at the World's Fair; sympathized with the Irish in Ireland in all their efforts for national independence, but advised the Hibernians in Illinois to withhold all assistance until the Irish unite in the work in hand. The resolutions also endorsed the endowment of a $30 000 chair in the University at Washington City.

REPORTS.

From the report of State Delegate Henely, the progress made by the Order for the past two years is most gratifying from a numerical and financial standpoint; in fact the spirit and future prospects of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Illinois and the United States never appeared so bright as they do at present. The very brightest of our young Irish-Americans are filling up the ranks, and remarks could be heard along the streets of Decatur, that no more orderly or intelligent looking body of men ever honored their city with their presence.

The labors of State Delegate Henely of Chicago, State Secretary Brennan of Bloomington, and State Treasurer Alexander Vaughey of Seneca being so well and satisfactorily performed, these gentlemen were, by a unanimous vote, re elected to succeed themselves for the coming two years, and after declining an East St. Louis as the meeting place for the next State convention in 1894, one of the most successful and harmonious State conventions of the A. O. H. held in Illinois came to a close at 9:42 o'clock p. m., on Wednesday, the 15th inst.

The brethren of Decatur gave a ball and reception on that night in honor of the occasion, and while the more seriously inclined members from Cook and other sections, left for their homes on the midnight trains, most of the younger members joined in the worship of terpsichore, and, when the festivities came to an end, parted from each other well pleased with the social event, hoping to meet by thousands at the great World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago next year. P. DEVER.

South Chicago.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSIONS.

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., the Coney Island of the West. Sixty miles from Chicago, a lake ride, returning 120 miles, by the Graham & Morton Transportation Co.'s steamers CITY OF CHICAGO and CHICORA, the Largest, Finest and Fastest excursion steamers on Lake Michigan. At the Summer Resorts you will find good hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives through the famous peach orchard districts. This is the place to go for a day's rest. Season Time Table: Leave Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m., return 8:30 p. m., round trip $1; daily at 11:30 p. m., single fare trip $1; Sundays at 10 a.m., return about 10 p.m., round trip $1.50; Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, round trip $1, tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p.m., or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra.

The "City of Chicago," which leaves daily at 9:30 a. m., makes close connections at St. Joseph with the special fast steamboat express on the Chicago & West Michigan R. R. for Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinac Island, Holland, Ottowa Beach, Bay City, East Saginaw, Lansing and all summer resorts and towns in Northern Michigan. This is the cheapest and quickest route from Chicago and the West. Only seven hours to Grand Rapids by this route, single fare $3.90. Also connecting at Benton Harbor with the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway (Big 4 system) for Niles, Elkhart and Southern points. Docks foot of Wabash avenue, or at State street bridge. Telephone Main 2162.

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UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER II

Plunged in a reverie rather the reverse of cheerful, the sergeant of Lally's company turned away from the portal of the old College des Lombards and retraced his way along the streets, the brass end of his scabbard clattering over stones that were worn by the feet of successive generations of students. He had not proceeded very far when the clock of the Carmelite monastery from which the street took its name (Rue des Carmes) pealed solemnly forth the hour of twelve; and, like answering echoes, the various campaniles of the city sent their tones rolling forth upon the soft air of the summer night.

Startled at the thought of being absent from his barrack at such an hour, Fergus flung off his burden of gloomy pondering, drew his large *roquelaure*, or military cloak, closer about him, saw that his sword was loose in his sheath and the hilt ready to his hand—for he knew that his route would be infested with footpads, roysterers, and night-birds of various kinds—and started off at as lively a pace as he could assume under the circumstances.

"*Gardes l'eau!*" cried a shrill voice nearly over his head, and there was a loud splash in the kennel that ran down the centre of the street. Looking up he saw the nightcapped head of an old dame disappearing from a window.

A few moments more several similar cries and splashes resounded, as it seemed, all around him, and he remembered to his dismay having heard that it was a custom in the good city of Paris for the householders to throw various slops from their windows into the street after nightfall.

With a breathed malison at this unsavory mode de Paris he hastened along, now and then casting an uneasy glance upward to the quaint gables that bestled high above him, and keeping painfully on the alert to escape a possible nocturnal shower bath.

The streets were very narrow; a few years later that sentimental traveler of the Green Isle, Laurence Sterne, of Clonmel, declared "there was not room in all Paris to turn a wheelbarrow." They were illlighted, also, by dim oil-lamps that hung from cords suspended across the thoroughfare.

Just as Fergus passed beneath one of those pendent lights, he drew aside to to avoid being run over by a fiacre, or hackney carriage, that came rapidly towards him. As he did so his attention was aroused by a shrill scream from the interior of the vehicle, and then he heard the imploring words:

"Help! save me—save me!"

With sudden impulse he rushed forward and seized the horse by the head, at once bringing the fiacre to a standstill.

"*Mille diables!* out of the way, *coquin*, or shall drive over you!" cried the driver, striking furiously at him. The long lash twined around his arm, and with a sudden jerk he brought the whip from its owner's hand. With a rapid volley of oaths the jehu sprang from his seat and drew a clasp knife from his bosom, but ere he could use it a blow from the heavy butt of the whip knocked him into the kennel.

Again rang the scream from the inside of the fiacre.

"Patience, patience, dear Eloise!" exclaimed a male voice in tones meant to be soothing; "my dear girl, *ma chere petite*, you may as well go quietly with your fond adorer."

"No, no! for heaven's sake, let me return. Oh! monsieur, if you are a gentleman you will take me back directly to the Louvre."

"*Pardonnez moi, je t'implore!* Sorry to disobilge a lady, but really, under the circumstances—— Hallo! what means this halt? *Sacre bleu*, Pierre, why in the fiend's name do you not drive on?"

And a periwigged head was protruded through the window of the vehicle.

"If I may answer for Pierre I think he is not exactly in a condition to drive on just at present," said O'Ronan coolly, and he pointed to the stunned and prostrate form of the driver.

"A thousand thunders!"

The owner of the periwigged head sprang from the vehicle and confronted O'Ronan. The latter recognized the young Chevalier de Riveul—him whom he had noticed talking that day to Madame de Pompadour.

"*Peste!* who are you, monsieur? Ha! I see—a member of the Irish Brigade."

"At your particular service."

"Wherefore stop my vehicle and maltreat my driver? Curse it, sirrah, do you know what you are doing?"

"What you might have done in my place, chevalier, had you suspected foul play."

"Foul play! Is it thus you call taking a demented relative of mine to the refuge for the insane? *Ma foi!* my gay Irish knight-errant, I ween you have got yourself into a pretty mess."

Fergus began to regard his act in a rather dubious light; but now a young lady stepped from the *fiacre*, and clutched his arm for protection.

"Credit not his words," she exclaimed excitedly; "he is endeavoring to abduct me. Oh, save me from him!"

She was supremely beautiful—indeed, even in the vague view of her afforded by the lamplight he thought he had never beheld so lovely a face. Her eyes were radiantly expressive; her cheeks, aglow with excitement, looked like twin roses. She was richly attired in the costume of a French lady of rank; her hair, dressed *a la marquise*, was besprent with pearls; jewels gleamed on her white neck and arms.

"Fear not, lady, I shall protect you at all hazards."

At these words of O'Ronan a savage exclamation burst from the chevalier, and his sword gleamed in the lamplight. Gently releasing himself from the lady's grasp, her champion drew his sword also, and next instant the two blades were clashing fiercely together, the bright sparks leaping fitfully from the tempered steel.

"*Coquin!*" hissed the infuriated noble; but suddenly, as his opponent's blade slipped over his guard and was buried in his body, he uttered a loud gurgling cry, and fell weltering in his gore!

A cry of alarm burst from the lady at the fall of her would-be abductor. A cold shudder passed over O'Ronan as he looked at his sword, reddened almost from hilt to point, and then at the prostrate, bleeding form of his late adversary. The ardor and excitement of combat over, his heart seemed to grow still with horror as the grim, appalling idea forced itself upon him that he was a homicide!

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* he is dead!—monsieur, monsieur, you have slain him!"

"*Que voulez vous, madame!*" he replied, with a most hollow display of coolness and indifference; "he drew his death upon him—he would have slain me."

"Wretched, ill-fated man! Oh, what a terrible night! Monsieur, do you know whom you have slain?"

"Le Chevalier Antoine de Riveul, nephew of Gen. Saxe."

She turned on him a sudden glance of her fine eyes—a look half of amazement, half of inquiry. Courtly compliments, neatly turned and flowery, were the order of the day, and the fair damsel in silk and brocade was wont to hear her beauty lauded, and that in no faint or inelegant terms; but there was an earnest and truthful ring in O'Ronan's words that did not fail to seize her attention. However, she was too horrified by the dread catastrophe that had just occurred to pay more than a transient heed to his words. Her distress and agitation were evinced by her now pallid face, by the violent panting of her bosom beneath its adornments of jewelry and Valenciennes.

"Dead!" said her rescuer solemnly, as he knelt and laid his hand on the breast of the unhappy chevalier.

She wrung her hands in despair.

"Take me hence—my heart is sick with horror. Monsieur, I see by your uniform you are *un brave Irlandais*. May I depend on you to take me home in safety?"

"Most certainly, madame. Back to the Louvre, whence I understand this hapless gentleman has taken you?"

"No, no, not thither. To the Chateau de Montreuil."

O'Ronan cast a doubtful eye at the vehicle.

"The Chateau de Montreuil," he ruminated; "I know it lies westward of the city, but how to make my way thither is the puzzle. And as for piloting this queer coach along these narrow, crooked streets—for of course I cannot expect the lady to walk—I fear I'll find it a rather critical undertaking. Anyhow, nobody rightly knows what he can do till he tries, so here goes."

And with this peculiarly Celtic aphorism he politely handed the lady into the carriage, closed the door after her, picked up the whip, mounted to the driver's seat and took the reins.

"*Hola mon ami!* surely you are not going to run off with my fiacre?" cried the fallen coachman rising to a sitting posture as the vehicle drove off.

"Serve you right, rascal! Follow not at your peril," responded the amateur driver as he urged the horse to as great a speed as safety permitted.

That drive was one to be remembered. The *fiacre* was the first style of hackney-coach introduced in Paris, and was so called from being originally used to convey sick and infirm pilgrims to the celebrated chapel and well of St. Fiacre, in the forest of Brieul, not many miles from the city—Fiacre being an Irish saint who, coming to France in the seventh century, was kindly received by Faron, Bishop of Meaux, and was celebrated for the extraordinary sanctity of his life, as well as for many miracles wrought through his intercession.

As the vehicle rolled and rattled along, Fergus had much difficulty in keeping his seat. At intervals he felt the gravest anxiety lest the queer machine would overturn and "spill" his fair charge into the roadway; yet, somehow, his heart seemed to grow lighter as he increased the distance between himself and the spot where the unfortunate chevalier lay in his gore.

He drove across the Seine by a bridge above Notre Dome, and saw the tall, imposing towers of the grand old cathedral standing forth in bold yet solemn outline against the starry sky. Then onward, until the great gloomy pile of the Bastile towered above him; and as he passed beneath the very shadow of that grim edifice, that had overawed the city since the days of Charles V, his heart sank as he thought on the wretched captives, the victims of despotic cruelty and oblivion within those terrible walls. He considered that their fate, or a scarcely more cruel one, might soon be his, for the lady's ominous words now recurred forcibly to him: "Broken on the wheel in the Place de la Greve, or immured for life in the Bastile!"

Now and then he drove past a party of the night watch, with their partisans and lanterns; but luckily they made no attempt to intercept the solitary *fiacre*. On he drove through the suburb of Fontarabel and out into the open country, along a road avenued with stately trees; past lonely farmhouses where dogs barked as the *fiacre* rolled by; through the dark little street of a sleeping village; and onward still till he heard the voice of the lady desiring him to stop—that they had reached their destination.

Turning by her direction into an avenue to the right, the entrance to which was flanked by two ornamental pillars surmounted by stone lions supporting triangular shields of arms, he soon found himself at the entrance to a handsome chateau.

The hall lamps were lighted, which enabled him to see a group of persons on the entrance steps, and some grooms taking the horses from a highly gilded coach. Scarce had he time to notice all this when an elderly man of grave and distinguished mien rushed to the door of the *fiacre*, threw it open, and assisted the lady to alight.

"My dear Eloise! *ma chere fille!* what means this?"

"I will explain by and by, dear father. In the meantime allow me to introduce my friend and deliverer—a brave Irish gentleman to whom I am deeply indebted. Monsieur—my father."

Our hero, who had descended from his precarious seat, bowed courteously to one who was apparently a noted member of the proud French *noblesse*

"Pardonnez, you have not mentioned monsieur's name, Eloise."

"I—I really have not yet had the pleasure of learning it," replied the young lady, a slight blush mantling her cheek.

"Sergeant Fergus O'Ronan, of the Irish Brigade."

The lady slightly arched her well cut eyebrows.

"*Oiel!*—a mere sergeant," she murmured.

The old nobleman bowed again, and politely motioned Fergus to enter the mansion, exclaiming:

"Welcome, Monsieur O'Ronan, to the Chateau de Montreuil."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Seaghan Gabh.

LE R. BAIRREUD.

(Timchioll 1800.)

Droch ghabha bhí ann Seághan, agus duinne staineeambail, cadranta, mio-oibliogáideach 'nna cheann sinn. Is ro-annamh dhéanfadh se rud air bith a n-aisgidh, gidheadh nuair thainie ann Bairreudach le cúpla fáinne muice fhághail déanta uaidh ní bhuainfeadh Seághan aon phighinn amach air a son. Facas do'n m-Bairreudach go m-ba cóir meamhair a chongbháil air rud chom h-iongantach. De Shíol n-Dálaigh Seághan Gabha, Seaghan Ua Dómhnail ba ainm dhó.

Is agam-sa tá'n chómharsa
Is córa 'gus is ceirte d'á bh-fuil san tír,
Duine measambail, cneasta, módhamhail,
Is cródha i neart agus i nguiomh.
Ní eacrannach ag:s ní gleodhach,
I n-am póit'e no óil é,
Lá an mhargaidh, i d-teach an ósta
No Dómhnach an Logh',
Acht le carthannas agus fíor-chórtas,
Ag scapadh airgid agus óir orraibn,—
A chleachtadh sin go raibh go deo agad,
A leogan, Seaghan Gabh'!

Ní fhacas Seághan ariamh as órdughadh,
No air nós ar bh-féidir magaidh dhéanamh faoi,
'Nna seraiste air thaoibh an bhóthair
Ni gheabhaibh é i n-abar no i n-díg;
I n-aimsir sneachta, feartbuinn, no gaoith' móir',
Thiocfadh Jack a bhaile go láidhach cróiha,
Ni fhágfadh amuigh a hata,
A mhaide, a wig, no a bhróga,
'S ní bhéidheadh ceo air Sheaghan Gabh'.

Gnídh sé an briogús, an bior-móna
An bior-rósta, agus fearsad túrna lia,
* * * * * * *
Coraideoireacht maith tásta,
Ní'l a mhéighistir annsan áit so
Gnídh péire gob a's láighe,
Glas pláta a's gleus treabh',
Fear dhéanta oibre long a's bád e,
Gus scoib a rachfadh 'san scála,
'S nach cumasach an obair chéardaighe
Thig ó lámhaibh Sheághain Gabh'.

I d-taoibh athar agus máthar
Tá fuil árd ann is glaine no an fíon,
'S tosóchaidh mé i n-aimsir Naoi,
Ag ar báitheadh le fearthann uile an saoghal.
An tríomhadh mac dárab ainm Iáphet
Bhí 'nan áire a d-táinic Seághan as,
De chlann Milidh Easpáinne,
D á m-bídh agus d'á d-togh',
D' aithriseochainn air bheagán spás
A sheanchus ó Chonal Cheárnach
Gurab ó luchd gradama 'gus státa
A tháinic Seághan Gabh'.

The Collapse of a Rotten Tenement,

With crumbling foundation and shaky, bulging walls, is not more certainly to be looked for than the sudden giving way of a constitution sapped by overwork, unremitting anxiety or exposure to hardship and malign climatic influences. Against the disastrous effects of each and all of these, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual safeguard. It fortifies the system against them by infusing into it fresh vigor begotten of renewed and complete digestion and assimilation of the food, and its consequent reparative action upon the exhausted tissues and impoverished circulation. No preparative for the undergoing, without injury, of an unusual amount of bodily or mental work, no means of averting malarial infection, or disorders born of bad diet and impure water equals this superlatively fine defensive invigorant. Take it for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, kidney trouble, la grippe.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside, Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Macinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

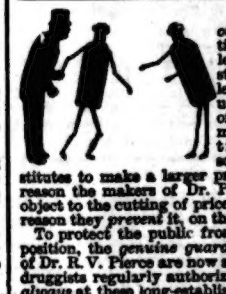
For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Nukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:23 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:29 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Nukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.



One leads to the other. The "cutting" of prices leads to the substitution of worthless goods—fraudulent imitations of the genuine medicine, dilutions of it, all sorts of cheap substitutes to make a larger profit. That's the reason the makers of Dr. Pierce's medicines object to the cutting of prices—and that's the reason they *prevent* it, on their medicines.

To protect the public from fraud and imposition, the *genuine guaranteed* medicines of Dr. R. V. Pierce are now sold only through druggists regularly authorized as agents, and *always* at these long-established prices:

Golden Medical Discovery (for the liver, blood and lungs), . . . $1.00.
Favorite Prescription (for woman's weaknesses and ailments), . . . $1.00.
Pleasant Pellets (for the liver, stomach and bowels), . . . 25 cents.

But they're the *cheapest* medicines sold, for *you pay only for the good you get.* The money is refunded if they don't benefit or cure. Beware of spurious imitations or substitutes at lower prices than above.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west northwest and southwest.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its returns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Byers in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

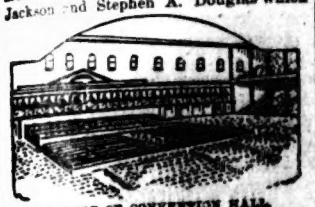
BRICE RAPS TO ORDER.

Opening of the Democratic National Convention.

THE TEMPORARY OFFICERS CHOSEN.

William C. Owens of Kentucky Takes the Chair Amid Cheers and Makes the Opening Address—Prayer by the Rev. John Rouse—List of the Committees on Credentials and Resolutions—Incidents of the First Day.

CHICAGO, June 21.—Almost up to the hour of meeting the sound of hammers hurriedly driving last nails into the woodwork of the galleries echoed through convention hall. In the concluding rush a number of the intended decorative effects had to be abandoned and others were materially changed. The four pillared arch with its towering busts of Andrew Jackson and Stephen A. Douglas which



INTERIOR OF CONVENTION HALL.

was to have surmounted the chairman's stand was uninstructed. All the platform fittings were somewhat meagre and primitive as compared with those at Minneapolis. The most conspicuous object was a modest mahogany desk bearing in front the inscription in old English text: "Cleveland and Hendricks nominated from this desk July 11, 1884." This was the chairman's stand. It was flanked on each side by a bunch of roses in a glass pitcher and a similar bunch with half a dozen laurels in pots stood in front of the secretary's desk immediately below the chairman.

Placing of the Delegations.

Blue silk banners with the names of the states lettered in gold marked the location of the delegations. They had apparently been assigned to their places on some alphabetical basis which brought the "M's" and "N's" conspicuously in front. The center aisle was flanked by Montana, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Mississippi, Michigan, Minnesota,

WILLIAM C. OWENS.

and Massachusetts. The side aisle to the speaker's right displayed the banners of Iowa, Indiana and Illinois, and to the extreme right were Colorado and California. On the left side aisle were Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, South Carolina, South Dakota, Rhode Island, Ohio and Oregon and back of all—further from the platform—the great state of Texas. In the corresponding corner on the other side were grouped all in one row the territories of Arizona, New Mexico and the District of Columbia.

The Gallery Crowd Gets Wet.

An unexpected burst of sunshine, just before the opening lit up the building and raised the already super-heated temperature a few notches higher. The first cheers rather feeble than otherwise, were drawn by the entrance of a Boies club at 11:50. The New York delegation, headed by Governor Flower, Bourke Cochran, Murphy and George Raines, came in directly afterwards and were received with a Tammany yell. Pennsylvania entered late with a banner so much larger than any of the other states that cries of "Pull it down," "Take a reef in it," were raised. Directly afterwards a rain and thunder storm arose, rendering necessary the lowering of the canvas round the air and light spaces under the roof. The almost cimerian darkness thus produced made the Chicago convention hall at midday as gloomy for the time being as the Minneapolis gathering was at midnight when the electric lights were shut off. Notwithstanding the canvas protection the rain beat in and umbrellas were freely raised in the galleries, which were not half full. Occasionally bright flashes of lightning lit up the hall. It was a welcome relief, and was hailed with cheers when the band in the gallery back of the chairman at 12:15 struck up a lively air.

Opportunity for Tammany.

The storm was not of long duration. In ten minutes the hall began to brighten and five minutes later the sun was out again. The hastily constructed roof, however, had begun to leak and some of the accumulated water dripped in on the New York delegation. One of the delegates raised an umbrella over Governor Flower and it shed its drippings on the Tammanyites around him. Some one suggested that it was a good time for Tammany to "come in out of the wet." At 12:30 most of the delegates were in their seats, but the galleries were sparsely filled. Chairman Brice of the national committee was on the platform. His entrance passed unnoticed. But though everything seemed in readiness there was some further delay, and even the intermittent applause from the galleries did not hurry the proceedings. The Michigan delegation was the last to march in. Its big white and gold banner was carried ahead of it. Five minutes later ex-Governor Campbell's entrance was greeted with cheers and applause, the Ohio delegation rising in his honor. As most of the delegates were in their seats, many of the silken banners with the names of the states were folded up and put away.

Convention Called to Order.

At 12:42 Chairman Brice came to the front of the platform, and standing with gavel in hand, said: "The convention will come to order. I have the pleasure of introducing the Rev. John Rouse, who will open the proceedings with prayer."

The Rev. John Rouse was a smooth faced, long haired young man, dressed in the canonicals of the Episcopal church. He looked over the assemblage for a moment and spreading his hands, he said: "Order." Then folding his hands, he began his prayer. At its conclusion Chairman Brice said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: By direction of the national committee the chair presents to this convention as its temporary officers the gentlemen named in the following list, which the secretary will read:" Hon. W. C. Owens of Kentucky, temporary chairman; secretary, S. P. Sherrin, Ind.; assistant secretaries, W. H. Doyle, Pennsylvania; H. Shepard, Virginia; C. Tilley, Missouri; L. A. Rowley, Michigan; R. E. Wilson, Mississippi; C. R. De Freest, New York; J. C. Swayne, Illinois; principal reading clerk, Hon. Nicholas M. Bell; sergeant-at-arms, Ho . R. J. Bright, Indiana; official stenographer, Edward Dickinson, New York. The list was adopted without opposition, and the chair appointed the following committee to escort the temporary chairman to the platform: Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, C. S. Jewett of Indiana, and Thomas Wilson of Minnesota.

Owens Takes the Chair.

These gentlemen assembled in front of the platform and then proceeded down one of the side aisles to the place where the Kentucky delegation sat. Mr. Owen arose and walked up the aisle with the committee. When they appeared on the platform the convention applauded and the applause was renewed when Chairman Brice announced that he had "honor and pleasure" in presenting to the convention its temporary chairman. Mr. Brice retired, leaving the space in front of the chairman's desk to Mr. Owen. The chairman said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: Two great dangers menace the Democratic party. The first is the organized machinery of organized capital, supported by the whole power of the government. The second is a tendency among Democrats to make issues among themselves. Two needs, therefore, stand before us indispensible to success: Unity and harmony. Of the one this chair and gavel stand representative; it remains for you to supply the other. In this spirit I greet you fellow Democrats as the advance guard of a grand army sent forward to blaze a pathway to victory. How momentous is your responsibility I need not tell you. If your work be done in wisdom the millions toiling in mine and shop and field will rise and call you blessed.

The roll-call of the republic attests that its heart and its conscience are with us in our war with the representatives of greed. The best thought of our party is a platform that challenges the approbation and invites the support of the people. We can succeed; we must do more. We must deserve success—above the wreck if need be of selfish combinations. We must rear a temple to the plain people and build a shrine so broad that there every lover of his kind may kneel. The burden must be lifted from the back of labor, and to that end it has a right to demand that whoever bears our banner must lift it above the smoke of conflict and the din of faction that every Democrat of the Union may follow its lead in exultant and irresistible combat. Let us not mistake. The gravity of the situation demands the broadest patriotism and every needful sacrifice.

Our work but begins here. Under the suns of summer and the frosts of autumn we must carry it forward with unfaltering courage to a triumphant close. This again must be a campaign of education. The "study of the cornfield" begun in the west and south must be carried into every hamlet of the east and north. The people must learn their true relation to the tax gatherer. They must learn that no railroad presidents champion the tribunes of the people; that no task masters write our tariff bills. They must learn, too, that for personal and political advantage, their country was menaced by the threat of war, and they will learn with shame and regret that the very day the warlike proclamation of their president was read in the hall of congress the peaceful response of the little 8 by 10 republic of Chili accepting the terms of the presidential ultimatum was read in every capital of the world.

Our opponents must be measured by their deeds and not by their professions. The fifty-first congress wrote the blackest page in our legislative history and became a thing of the past. It challenged the approval of the people and they responded in tone so portentious that it seemed the voice of God. With a unanimity that finds no parallel in the story of popular government they determined that a billion dollars was far too much to pay for such a museum of freaks. If we but permit it, they will stand by their verdict.

That our cause may triumph, let us work in kindness. In the heat of contention let us not forget that our political brother may be just as honest and, perhaps better informed. Impelled by one purpose, and that purpose the public good, we will free ourselves from the bickerings and heartburns that charcterize the Republican party when it Marshal Ney went down at Minneapolis before the mailed legions of the bread and butter brigade.

"What Is the Pleasure," Etc.

Mr. Owen had a respectful and an interested hearing, but there was no great enthusiasm over his remarks until he came to the "Legions of the bread and butter brigade." Then the convention cheered again and again. The chairman asked what the pleasure of the convention was. Mr. White of California got the floor and offered a resolution providing that the roll be called to name members of the different committees and that all resolutions relating to the platform be referred to the committee on resolutions without debate, and that the credentials of such delegates be delivered by each delegation to the committee on credentials. General Bragg of Wisconsin from the front row offered an amendment that the rules of the last Democratic convention governor this body until otherwise ordered. Mr. White accepted this amendment as not being first in order and temporarily withdrew his resolution, which he again offered after General Bragg's substitute was passed. It was read by Reading Clerk Bell. Mr. Rhodes of Alabama interposed with an amendment which was read. It provided for a committee on rules in addition to the other committees. There was a brief discussion of the amendment, the explanation being made that the original resolution delegated the work of the proposed committee to the committee on permanent organization. The amendment was adopted, however, and the resolution as amended went through. The clerk then read the roll-call and the chairman of each delegation handed in or announced the names chosen.

At conclusion of the roll-coil Mr. Cable of Illinois offered a resolution of sympathy for James G. Blaine, which was adopted. Mr. Sweet of Maine, on behalf of his state, returned thanks to the convention for this expression. The convention then adjourned until 11 o'clock Wednesday.

Robbed of a Large Amount.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 21.—George Geltmaker, a Louisville butcher, was robbed of $3,900 by three masked men back of New Albany, Ind., Monday afternoon. He was on his way to buy a farm in answer to an advertisement. There is no clue to the highwaymen. Geltmaker came to Louisville and offered a reward of $500 for the capture of the robbers.

IT FINALLY WENT OFF.

But the Blast Exploded at the Wrong Time.

STONE QUARRY WORKMEN KILLED.

Crushed to Death by Huge Masses of Falling Rock—An Electric Street Railway Car Jumps the Track and Rolls Down a Thirty-Foot Embankment—Terrific Explosion of Powder Caused by a Flash of Lightning.

KANSAS CITY, June 20.—At an early hour Saturday morning a blast of 125 pounds of powder was put in at Lyle's quarry at Twenty-fifth and Grand avenue. The workmen tried all day with fuse and electricity to get the blast off, but failed to explode it. About 5 o'clock Saturday evening M. F. Lobdale, the foreman, ordered the men to go in and drill down the blast. George Ordway worked the drill while Lobdale sat on a rock above him holding the drill to steady it.

Struck the Cap.

After drilling down fifteen feet they struck the percussion cap and the whole blast went off. Lobdale was thrown high in the air with the drill and came down entirely unhurt. Ordway was thrown down the declivity and a huge rock weighing many hundred pounds fell on him, crushing him to death instantly. Roy Neal and Jack O'Brien, teamsters, were loading a wagon at the foot of the bluff and the huge mass of rock came down upon them, crushing them both to death. James Thomas, colored, was injured by the flying rocks so badly that his death is expected every minute. Charles Foster and John Dale are seriously hurt but will recover.

ROLLED DOWN AN EMBANKMENT.

Carrying Twenty-Five Persons and Wounding Twenty of Them.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., June 20.—Car No. 10 on the electrical railway jumped the track near the power house at 11:25 a. m. Sunday morning and plunged down a thirty-foot embankment to the river, overturning several times and completely wrecking the car. About twenty-five passengers were aboard. None was killed outright, though twenty were injured, some probably fatally. Among the injured are Miss Mary Brooks, manager Western Union Telegraph office, three ribs broken, leg cut, internally injured and may die; Eddie Applegate, aged 14, dislocation and fracture of the thigh, condition serious; John Arb and son, bruised; Jason Brooks, cut about head, body bruised; Mrs. Brooks and daughter, cut about the face; George Bebout, wife and child of New Brighton, cut about the head; George Smith, shoulder dislocated; Hugh McFadden and wife of Walker, bodies bruised.

Powder Exploded by Lightning.

PARMLEYSVILLE, Ky., June 20.—Fifty persons were injured here Sunday night by a terrible explosion. Lightning struck the general store of W. H. Ryan. Two kegs of powder exploded, throwing a heavy iron safe through the roof and wounding all the occupants of the room, fifty in number. Several physicians were at once called in to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate victims. Not a single occupant of Ryan's store escaped injury. Many, it is thought, will die from the effects of their hurts. M is a gentleman of considerable p. nence and a former representative Wayne county in the legislature.

Yacht Capsized, Three Drowned.

DETROIT, June 20.—About 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon the yacht Caprice with twenty-seven young people on board was capsized near Peche island, several miles above this city, near the Canadian shore. All of the party were thrown into the water and Carrie Bieber, Minnie Mogk and Henry Pathow, Jr., were drowned. Of the party fifteen were ladies.

Fatal Runaway Accident.

TIFFIN, O., June 20.—Daniel Peters, an aged infirm resident of this city, was fatally injured Saturday evening by a runaway horse. The old man stood in the street and attempted to stop the horse to save the life of a small boy who was driving, and was run over and injured so severely that he will die.

Crashed into a Buggy.

BALTIMORE, June 20.—An electric car, descending a steep grade Sunday afternoon, collided with a buggy, demolishing the vehicle and instantly killing Jacob Bloom. His brother, Harry Bloom, had both legs cut off and was seriously injured internally. The conductor and motorman are in jail.

STRIKERS GET UGLY.

They Cause Trouble at the Minnesota Iron Mines at Soudan.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 20.—A special to The Journal from Duluth, says: At the Minnesota iron mines at Soudan, near Tower, 1,400 men are on a strike and the mining shafts are filling with water. The strikers have possession of the engine rooms and pumps, and are drunk and ugly. Thursday 300 Finlanders laid off without permission and got drunk. They were discharged and the strike is the result. Two shots were fired at Superintendent Wallace without effect. Company A of Duluth is preparing to go to the scene. Twenty deputies have already gone.

Sealers Seized.

VICTORIA, B. C., June 20.—Alaska advices received by the steamer Queen state that the Alaska Commercial company's steamer Jennie and schooners Lottie and Kodiac have been seized while their crews were on shore killing sea otters. Prize crews were put aboard and brought the vessels to Sitka. Another steamer, also named Jennie, has been ordered to be seized on her return to Sitka for violation of the revenue laws.

Army of the Potomac Officers.

SCRANTON, Pa., June 20.—At the twenty-fourth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac held here General Horace Porter was elected president, Major General Molineaux vice president, and General Horatio C. King, secretary.

Sale of a Railway.

CLEVELAND, June 20.—It is reported here on what is considered reliable authority that the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling railroad has been sold to the Wheeling Lake Erie company.

AT GRANT'S MONUMENT.

Three Persons Struck and Killed by Lightning—Others Injured.

CHICAGO, June 17.—Three persons were struck by lightning and instantly killed Thursday evening at Lincoln park, and two others were seriously injured. The unfortunate victims of the thunder storm

WHERE THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

which passed over the city about 6:30 o'clock, with about fifty others, had taken shelter in the corridors under the Grant statue, and the bolt which had such a terrible effect was severe enough to slightly damage the heavy stone work which forms the base of the monument. Nearly all the people in the corridors were thrown to the floor by the force of the shock, and many, while not injured, were badly shaken.

List of the Victims.

Lewis Meyer, 32 Nutt street, body taken to the morgue; Mrs. Schiele, 164 Austin avenue, body taken to the county morgue; unknown man, supposed to be either Adolph or Carl Horst, body taken to the county morgue; Harry Phillips 76 Kramer street, stunned, taken home; Mrs. Mattie Olsen, 134 Fairfield avenue, stunned, taken to the Getman hospital; Louise Schraidt, 236 Dayton street, stunned and left arm injured, taken home; F. L. Watkinson of Milwaukee, stunned and lower limbs slightly injured; James B. Farrows, Jr., of Milwaukee, stunned; Aaron P. Hirschberg of Madison, Wis., stunned; M. Bock, stunned and rendered unconscious.

CYCLONE IN MINNESOTA.

From Forty to Fifty People Reported Killed—Great Damage.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 16.—A special to The Journal from Mankato, says: One of the most disastrous cyclones that ever visited southern Minnesota occurred between 5 and 6 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Starting near Jackson and Southern Minnesota division of the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad the funnel-shaped cloud swept eastward and passed four miles south of Minnesota lake and then took a broad circle to the south and passed away south of Wells. It passed two miles northwest of Sherburne, and it is reported that it then struck a district school house in which was the teacher and eighteen pupils. The building was demolished and the teacher and fifteen children killed.

Sweep of the Cyclone.

At Easton, three buildings were destroyed and several people injured. Lindon was visited and many houses were torn from their foundations. One family, consisting of a man, his wife and child, were killed and others injured. The storm passed [illegible] destroying farmhouse [illegible] thing in its [illegible] e overt [illegible] other tr[illegible] blown [illegible]r miles [illegible]rmhouses [illegible]ut in the [illegible]olished. Four peo[illegible]ere. The body of one of [illegible] Brown, was taken to Minne[illegible]e Thursday morning. His wife, hi[illegible]an, and a schoolteacher were also injured.

Forty to Fifty Killed.

Much damage was done south of Wells, and it is reported that forty to fifty were killed south and west of that village. As most of the damage was done in the country, reports are slow coming in, but what has been already heard is enough to insure the belief that it was the worst storm ever reported in southern Minnesota. It is expected that later reports will increase rather than diminish the extent of the damage done as well as the loss of life and the personal injuries. All along the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad from Jackson to Minnesota lake the scene is one of devastation. Not every house is taken, but so many are destroyed that the scene is pitiful.

DEATH OF EMMONS BLAINE.

Second Son of the Ex-Secretary Suddenly Called.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Emmons Blaine, the second son of James G. Blaine, ex-secretary of state, died at 11:15 o'clock Saturday morning at the McCormick mansion, 135 Rush street. He had been ill but a few hours and his death was wholly unexpected. Septicaemia, which developed late Friday night from a bowel complaint, was the immediate cause of death. Mrs. Emmons Blaine and her son, McCormick Blaine, 2 years old, and Mrs. Cyrus McCormick were the only members of the family at the bedside when Mr. Blaine passed away. Death came so swiftly that there was not time to summon the other members of the McCormick family, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McCormick, who were in the house at the time.

EMMONS BLAINE.

"Big Six" and the Nomination.

NEW YORK, June 20.—At a turbulent meeting of Typographical union No. 6 to consider the action of the Minneapolis committee resolutions were adopted with practical unanimity declaring that the union never gave the Minneapolis committee power to endorse anybody for an office, but simply to assure the Republican leaders that hostilities to that party had ceased. A resolution denouncing the committee for its whole action was declared out of order.

Last of the Boodle Cases.

CHICAGO, June 20.—In Judge Hutchinson's court Monday morning the indictment against ex-Alderman Michelson of the Fifteenth ward, charged with conspiracy to bribe, was nolle prossed. It is believed that similar action will be taken in the case of Alderman Bowler. These are the last of the so-called aldermanic boodle cases, all of which have been dismissed.

BRIEF INFORMATION.

Events of a Week Condensed for the Busy Reader.

About 14,000 persons from the Mahoning and Shenango valleys and western Pennsylvania attended the annual picnic of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel workers at Rock Point, Pa.

Chris McNamara, a gambler in confinement for the murder of Reese Fowler, also a gambler, died in the county jail at Chattanooga, where he had been for nine months.

John Redmond, responding to the address of welcome of the New York committee advocated a reunion of Irishmen acting independently of English politics.

John N. Strausser and wife of Las Vegas, N. M., while out driving were thrown from the carriage and fatally injured.

Democrats in the house have announced that they intend to expedite legislation, looking toward an early adjournment.

Austria and Hungary have decided to be represented at the international monetery conference by officers from the departments of finance.

The last order issued by a Confederate general has been received by the collector of curios at the Iowa state house.

James G. Blaine and wife have arrived at Bar Harbor, Me.

Some of the Alliance men in Kansas have a plan to place Jerry Simpson at the head of the ticket.

Guatemala has arranged to make a fine exhibit at the World's fair.

Miss Kate Marsden, who made a visit to the lepers of Siberia, has formulated a plan to provide hospitals for them.

People's party leaders have declared that they would be pleased with the nomination of Senator Stewart of Nevada and Representative Watson of Georgia for president and vice president.

Chairman Brice will call the national Democratic committee together Monday, June 20, the day preceding the convention.

John Burgeson or Perry, Ia., and a man named Jefferson quarreled in the mining town of Angus, and the latter struck Burgeson on the head with a hatchet, inflicting a fatal wound. Jefferson was arrested.

John Gilson, secretary of the Judson Manufacturing company, was robbed of $17,000 by two men on a train in San Francisco.

Excessive heat at Burlington, Ia., caused a number of prostrations. Thermometers registered 100 in the shade.

Frank Waller of the Acme Bicycle club of Oakland, Cal., broke the world's record for twenty-four hours by 2 m. 14 yds.

Harvesting wheat has begun near Metropolis, Ills. There ss a larger yield, and no damage by rust or floods.

* * *

Tom Hoover Smith was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years at Peru, Ind., for cutting the throat of Jim Maloney and almost killing him because Maloney spent a dollar with which, Smith thought, he should have bought beer for the latter.

Indiana Democrats have arranged to boom Gray for the vice presidency on the Cleveland ticket.

Secretary Foster has sent a letter to Speaker Crisp asking for an appropriation of $250,000 for adequate precautions at the World's fair for the protection of revenue from customs, and for the supervision of importation.

Whitelaw Reid was a member of General Lew Wallace's staff during the war.

It has been estimated that there is in excess of last year's visible supply 226,092 bushels of wheat.

Fred Pfeffer will be made captain and manager of the Louisville Base Ball club.

Subscriptions are being solicited toward the erection of a monument at Rose Hill cemetery over the graves of the fallen members of the Chicago Board of Trade battery.

Charles Freeman, 18 years old, was drowned while bathing in a mill pond at Constantine, Mich.

Petitions favoring an open fair on Sunday have been forwarded by a number of Unitarian societies.

A. J. Greer, chief of a gang of highwaymen who have committed many robberies, was captured and jailed at Huntington, Ala. His arrest was brought about by L. F. Francisco, who was assaulted in May by three masked men and robbed of $3,000. He recognized his assailants' voices and offered a reward of $300 for their arrest.

Harvey F. Stewart of Chicago was drowned while taking soundings of the lake off the World's fair grounds.

In a saloon row in Angus, a mining town of Iowa, George H. Jefferson struck John Burksen on the head. Burksen became insensible and afterward died. Jefferson is under arrest.

* * *

Mrs. John Riley and an infant granddaughter of Wyman, Ia., were drowned while crossing a creek. John Zork, father of the child, was swept from his feet and caught by a wire fence. The stream is usually dry, but was swelled by recent rains.

Asher Browne, living near Tipton, Ind., has been arrested on the charge of forging his mother's name to notes.

With reasonable weather fair crops of wheat and corn have been predicted for Iowa.

John Peterson and William Gabriel were injured by edgings thrown from a saw in James Davidson's shipyards saw mill at Bay City, Mich. Gabriel had his right lower jaw broken, skull over right eye fractured and left side bruised. Peterson had his scalp laid bare on his forehead six inches.

Friends are seeking a pardon for Anna Hamer, serving eighteen years at Anamosa penitentiary for poisoning her husband at Marion, Ia., in 1881.

Mr. Hobart Chatfield Taylor has been appointed Spanish consul for Chicago.

W. W. Bain, charged with abducting Chattie McDonald, has secured the $2,500 bond and been released at Indepence, Ia.

John Maloney has begun suit against the Chicago and Alton road in Bloomington, Ills., for $5,000 damages for injuries he claims to have sustained while alighting from a train.

The annual session of the supreme lodge, A. O. U. W., has convened at Helena, Mont.

Minnesota's Farmers' Alliance has seceded from the People's party and called a convention of its own.

Although uninstructed the delegates of Arkansas are claimed for Cleveland.

* * *

New York importers are said to be prejudicing the foreign manufacturers against exhibiting at the fair.

It is now given out by the friends of the administration that Mr. Blaine resigned because he was persona non grata with the president in connection with the Behring sea conference.

Cudahy, the packer of Chicago, has secured control of the Bourbon stock yards at Louisville.

A swindler at Ellensburg, Wash., claiming to be a World's fair representative, has been exposed by Major Handy.

Frank Weston and George Murray of Grand Rapids, Mich., aged 6 and 8 respectively, quarreled at the river, when Frank tried to push George into the water. Both fell in and were drowned.

The Twelfth Street bridge at St. Louis was badly damaged by a collision between two freight trains. The damage is estimated at $50,000.

Frank Cratty, a miller at Argyle, Ills., while in bathing got beyond his depth and was drowned. He leaves a family.

Royal H. Richmond, a well-to-do citizen of Garden City, Kan., was killed at Larkin by the accidental discarge of a double-barreled shotgun while on a hunting tour. Both barrels took effect in his body, causing instant death.

Boiler makers in session at Buffalo Thursday resolved that they could not countenance the demand of the journeymen for a nine-hour day, and resolved further to aid the manufacturers of Boston and Chicago to hold out against the strikers.

The late Father Mollinger's will has not been found yet, but late facts show that he left an estate of over $1,000,000, including his sacred relics, all of which, it is believed, has been devised to the church.

The People's party state convention of Washington declared for Weaver for president.

James B. Holcomb, a Bloomington, Ills., citizen, hanged himself to a rafter. He had been drinking heavily.

Colonel C. A. Broadwater's will was probated in Helena, Mont. The estate is estimated to be worth $2,000,000.

James C. Harrington, a laborer, is under arrest at Burlington, Ia., for obtaining $100 from the postoffice on a postal order claimed to have been sent to an uncle in that city by the same name.

Foreign bankers expect a large amount of gold to go out on Saturday's steamers, the majority of estimates placing the amount as high as $4,000,000.

* * *

Frank Spencer, aged 24, while fishing at Mount Vernon, Ind., was seized with an epileptic fit, fell into the river, and was drowned.

The Mississippi river steamer City of Hickman is tied up at Cairo, union labor longshoremen refusing to load her on account of non-union engineers.

James S. McCoy's residence in Knox county, Ind., was burned, entailing a loss of $9,500.

It has been decided by a judge at Mount Vernon, Ills., that the women members of the school board cannot hold office.

Fred Eckstein of Cincinnati fell down an elevator shaft of his building and was killed.

Alarm is felt in Italy over the continued activity of Vesuvius.

The Indiana Folding Bed company of Goshen, Ind., has made an assignment to H. R. Whitmer. Its affairs are badly tangled.

The Hartford bank of Hartford, Conn., celebrated its centennial last Tuesday.

Lightning struck three carriages in the free field at the Morris park race track, wrecking them badly. One horse was instantly killed and two others badly injured by the shock.

Judge Sheldon M. Church of Rockford, Ills., is lying at the point of death at his home. He has lived at Rockford since 1836.

In German a society has been organized to placate France for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine by a promise of bestowing Egypt upon the republic.

Four Finlanders were fatally injured at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., in a saloon fight.

Senator Hale pooh-poohs a rumor recently current in Washington that Mr. Blaine would seek to succeed him in the senate chamber. He thinks the ex-secretary will devote himself to writing political history.

In 1835 a tame elephant could be bought in India for $225, now their prices range from $750 to $4,000.

* * *

Christian Buehlmeyer of Madison, Wis., was killed by T. A. Susan, an engineer, struck him a violent blow on the head with a shovel. Susan will be tried for manslaughter.

Enoch Morrison, a negro, shot and seriously injured two negro women on a train near San Francisco and then killed himself.

Monroe Barbridge of Marblehead, Ills., left a loaded shotgun under the bed. His 3-year-old child found it, pulled it toward him, and was killed instantly.

Nellie Nelton, aged 16, and Dollie Johnson, aged 20, were drowned at Fort Madison, Ia., while bathing.

Detroit capitalists have about completed a deal for the purchase of the Oshkosh (Wis.) street railroad. They will put in electricity.

Lightning struck a house in Pittsburg in which were thirty-five people, some in every room, but nobody was shocked.

William J. Lovell of Ipava, Ills., has entered suit against the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad for $15,000 damages for injuries received in a collison on that road.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

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Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 25, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Augustin Daly's Company.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Isle of Champagne."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Inside Track."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

COMPELLING IRISH UNION.

One of the best editorials on the Irish question that we have read of late is printed in the New York *Tablet*—Gen. M. Kerwin's paper—of June 18. We have much pleasure in reproducing it as follows:

"The Irish National League of America is about to send a commission to Ireland for the purpose of putting an end to the feud between the contending factions. The commission will consist of five members, John Fitzgerald, ex president of the League; M. D. Gallagher, of New York; O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis; Geo. Sweeney, of Cincinnati; and William Lyman, of New York.

"The fact that the Irish in America send a commission to Ireland at this late hour is proof positive of the *Tablet's* contention all along, that we were ready to resume our support of the Irish cause the moment the Irish people discontinued their unseemly wrangling. If it be said that it is too late now to send a commission to Ireland to patch up a peace, in view of the approaching elections, the Irish in America can answer that they are not responsible for the quarrel. After the death of Mr. Parnell the Irish and the friends of Ireland in the United States served peremptory notice on their kindred in Ireland that all moral and financial support would be withdrawn unless the Irish leaders united. That notice was not sent as a threat, but as a matter of propriety.

"Now, the Irish in America evince their determination to still support the Irish people in their contention for liberty as generously as they have hitherto done, provided the Irish leaders change their tactics. During the late agitation the Irish in America gave their full support to the Irish in Ireland, without interfering with their liberty of action. They consented, although the vast majority of them did not then, and do not now, believe in constitutional agitation, to give the Irish people another chance to regain their national liberties by peaceable methods. That agitation has ended in as dismal a failure as O'Connell's.

"The Irish in America now reiterate that they are willing to continue their support, but this time, under certain conditions. The Irish people must make their representatives re-unite, and also change their policy. Ireland and Great Britain are two nations, distinct in everything, and hence cannot join fortunes, except on a basis of common equality. The Irish people must, in short, cease to be Irish, or become West Britons, and merge their nationality in that of Great Britain. If they wish to do that, their kindred abroad will cease to take further interest in their ancestral land, and let the Irish in Ireland make the best or the worst of their choice. But if, on the contrary, the Irish people will continue to struggle for independent nationhood, they will receive stronger support from the Irish race in other lands than ever before. More than that, they will be asked to do nothing further unless circumstances should become favorable, than to keep up a policy of passive resistance. The Irish in America have it in their power to make it unprofitable for England to hold Ireland in servitude, and they are putting the policy into action."

The Hon. P. A. Collins, of Boston, who represents the old conservative idea of the National League, has been making vain efforts to heal the discord in the Irish party, and THE CITIZEN much fears that the commissioners named in the *Tablet's* article will meet with but scant success, unless wisdom has entered the councils of the rival Irish factions within the last few days. In this connection, THE CITIZEN notes with satisfaction that Mr. Gladstone has called upon the two factions to unite. This is eminently proper, because that singular statesman threw the first firebrand into their ranks by virtually demanding the resignation of Mr. Parnell. However, if Gladstone succeeds in promoting a union, he will have done something to atone for his great fault in helping to deprive Ireland of her greatest modern leader.

HOWL OF A DUBLIN CRANK.

The party, signing himself "D.," who does the powerful cis-Atlantic—considered from his side of the ocean—scissoring for *United Ireland*, is out in an illustrated lecture to THE CITIZEN, in the *U I* of June 11, because of an alleged want of acknowledgment on our part of an article entitled "Felonious Finance," which originally appeared in our Dublin contemporary. In our editorial of May 14 on "Post Union Robbery of Ireland," due acknowledgment of the source information is made. But the article in THE CITIZEN of May 21 is not acknowledged, which was entirely an accident. *United Ireland* may accept or reject this explanation as it pleases. Regarding the speech delivered by the Duke of Wellington on "Catholic Emancipation," THE CITIZEN gave its authority—the historian John C. O'Callaghan, author of 'The Green Book" and the "History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France." If there was any "sell" about it, Mr. O'Callaghan was sold, not THE CITIZEN. Perhaps *United Ireland* may say next that the whole Irish race has been "sold" on O'Callaghan's account of the battle of Fontenoy. "D" is, evidently, a sour crank, and his attack on THE CITIZEN and its editor has, we have no doubt, at bottom some less noble motive than the championship of mere historical accuracy.

GROVER IS NOMINATED.

At 3.30 o'clock on Thursday morning, the Democratic National Convention nominated, on the first ballot, Grover Cleveland for the presidency of the United States. As Mr. Cleveland and Gen. Harrison have both served a term in the presidential chair, the American people, having the benefit of experience, are quite competent to judge of the merits, or the reverse, of the respective candidates. Neither is a spring chicken in politics. The Democratic platform, like the Republican, contains an expression of sympathy with the cause of Irish Home Rule. This "plank" was nailed with cheers. The main difference between the platforms is, as usual, the economic one—the Republicans favor Protection and the Democrats Tariff for Revenue, which most people translate Free Trade. There are other differences, but they are small compared with the vital one. Now, the colors being planted face to face, and the armies being duly marshalled, let the drum for battle roll, and, which ever party wins, may America still be uppermost.

SYMPATHY WITH MR. BLAINE.

The Democratic National Convention did a graceful and chivalrous act last Tuesday in passing a resolution of sympathy with the Hon. James G. Blaine in his recent deep affliction occasioned by the death of his manly and accomplished son, Emmons Blaine, who had been a resident of Chicago for many years preceding his premature removal from this world. James G. Blaine has been sorely tried in the crucible of domestic bereavement. A few years ago he lost his eldest daughter, Mrs. J. J. Coppinger, wife of a gallant Irish-American veteran of several wars, including that of the rebellion. Her death was quickly followed by that of Walker Blaine, who had been his father's confidant and assistant in many important public functions. Now the third blow has fallen in the death of Emmons, who was a general favorite, and who bore a strong physical resemblance to his distinguished sire. Like a loyal and devoted son, he went to Minneapolis to give personal direction to his father's campaign, but it was, as almost everybody knew when considering the circumstances, a forlorn hope. No doubt his great exertions brought on the illness which resulted so fatally. His death has darkened the hearthstones of more than the houses of his afflicted kindred. A young widow and an infant boy, McCormick Blaine, survive him. The news of Emmons Blaine's unexpected death cast a gloom over the whole country, and the resolutions passed by the Democratic convention only give expression to average American feeling in the matter, leaving politics entirely out of the question.

The action taken by the convention on Tuesday is officially reported as follows:

"Ben T. Cable, of Illinois, offered the following resolution: 'That this convention tender its profound sympathy to that distinguished American, James G. Blaine, in the heavy affliction which has befallen him.' When the clerk reached the name of James G. Blaine applause lasting a minute or two interrupted the reading. The resolution was adopted unanimously. E. C. Sweet then addressed the chair:

"'Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention—In behalf of the delegation from Maine and in behalf of the people of Maine, irrespective of party predilection, I desire to convey to the National Democratic Convention our appreciation of this grateful expression of its sympathy in this hour of the bereavement of our most distinguished fellow citizen. Of the Democrats of Maine it may be truly said that more deeply than those of any other northern state, they have drunk of the cup of official and political ostracism which the Republican party in the days of its supremacy commends to the lips of its political opponents, but before God let it never be said that the Democracy of Maine, or of the United States, failed of honest sympathy in the presence of the grim tyrant who wipes out party lines and lays the shepherd's crook beside the scepter. Of the many sudden and heavy bereavements which have fallen upon our distinguished fellow citizen during the past few years it may truly be said, 'One woe doth tread upon another's heels so fast they follow.' But may as much of comfort come to him and his as can be found in the assurance which a democratic national convention alone can tender of the heartfelt sympathy of his fellow citizens of every section and of every State.'" (Tremendous cheers.)

PROTESTANT HOME RULERS.

Many leading Protestants of the Ulster counties are coming to the front in opposition to the assumptions of the Orangemen. The Protestant Home Rule Association, of Belfast and other cities, have come out flat footed against the Orange Convention, and denounce it in manly and dignified words. While there are, no doubt, very many well meaning persons among those who attended the Belfast gathering of bigots—men who are the victims of vicious surroundings and defective education—the great body of that assemblage was composed of landlords and the tools of landlords—the old, rotten English garrison, who drink "the glorious, pious and immortal memory" of their idol, King Billy the Third.

BISHOP M'GOLRICK'S ADVICE TO THE A. O. H.

The great revival of the Ancient Order of Hibernians throughout the country is one of the most significant signs of the times. In another column will be found a synopsis of the proceedings at the Illinois State Convention of the order, recently held at Decatur, and a full report of the eloquent speech of the Rev. Father Mackin on the occasion. Another big convention of the same order was held at Minneapolis on June 15. The official reports showed a great increase of membership. The financial standing was also reported excellent. The Right Rev. James McGolrick, bishop of Duluth, addressed a letter to Mr. John J. Mahony, county delegate of Hennepin, in the course of which he said:

"Many of our people, scattered over the prairies and through the untamed lands of the country, far from church and among a population opposed to [illegible] because of their [illegible] such friendly [illegible] extend to [illegible] and towns, careful attention [illegible] sickness and in time [illegible] members to cheer us, there [illegible] need of sympathy. We ought to [illegible] some plan to aid and strengthen the [illegible] bands of Irishmen who for various reasons have to endure so much in districts where they are altogether in the minority. The children of these poor people are in danger of losing the faith. The father is frequently solicited to become a member of some society condemned by the church, and should he refuse there are many ways of persecuting him without actually resorting to the rack and thumb-screws. When I look back over the petty bigotry and unutterable meanness of some who call themselves free men in a free nation; when I think of the vile slang and the vulgar insendo which many an Irish Catholic has ever to endure, I see good reason for the good of your society. God grant that as the years go on you may find yourselves more and more united, and that the well doing of the society may be the best evidence of the work; not loud promises or shallow pretense. No, let us leave these to our enemies, and do patient work in christian charity, with self-sacrifice for our brother's good. These, indeed, will bring the desired success. The action of the society in reference to the Catholic university at Washington deserves and has my warmest thanks."

THE ORANGE PARTY REBUKED.

The Nonconformists of England, through their presbytery, have served notice on the Orangemen of Ireland, recently assembled, under aristocratic leadership, at Belfast to protest against Home Rule for Ireland, that the English dissenters have no sympathy whatever with the selfish vaporings of a divided Ulster; that they believe the majority in every country should govern, and that it is absurd for a few men in the North of Ireland to protest against the granting of liberty to the country that gave them birth.

MR. E. L. CAREY.

Among the distinguished delegates who attended the Democratic National Convention in this city was Mr. Edward L. Carey, of New York, one of the best known and most patriotic of Irish-Americans. Mr. Carey appears to be in robust health, although the death of his amiable and beloved wife last winter has left an indelible cloud upon his usually buoyant nature. He had a pleasant time in this city, visiting, in the intervals of his duty, many old friends, who were all delighted to see him.

MR. M. J. MARTIN, of Nashville, Tenn., a leading Irish-American of that city, was among the visitors to Chicago during the convention. Mr. Martin has long been identified with the Irish National cause, and, with Mr. James Kilcoles, Mr. James Glenn and some others, has kept the flag flying high in the capital city of Tennessee.

THE Democratic Convention nominated for vice president the Hon. A. E. Stephenson, of Illinois, on Thursday afternoon.

JEREMIAH FLINN, long connected with local politics in Chicago, died last week at the early age of 45 years. He had been in ill health for a long time, and his death was not entirely unexpected. He leaves a wife and several young children in circumstances the reverse of prosperous.

MR. MARCUS DALY'S renowned colt, "Montana," won the Suburban Sweepstakes at New York this week. This is the leading turf event of America, and Mr. Daly has the congratulations of his friends everywhere on his victory.

MR. M. J. MURPHY, the distinguished composer, compiler and vocalist, of Bay City Mich., was in the city this week.

MESSRS. HUBERT CASSIDY, John E. Healy, Martin Kearney and Carl Darcy, of Wilmington, Del., all prominent Irish-Americans of that city, were in Chicago during the convention, and expressed themselves delighted with the metropolis of the West.

MR. FITZMAURICE of the Omaha *Bee*, one of the brightest journalists in the United States, "did" the Democratic National Convention for that enterprising newspaper.

MR. GLADSTONE, on being approached by certain British Whigs recently, in regard to shelving Irish Home Rule for English measures, replied: "No, never! Would you have me commit myself to eternal dishonor? I am determined that Home Rule for Ireland must come!"

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

Election of Officers for the Ensuing Year—Preparations for the Annual Fifteenth of August Demonstration at Ogden Grove.

Three hundred and twenty-seven delegates, representing over one hundred Irish societies of Chicago and Cook county, met in convention at Fitzgerald's hall, Adams and Halsted streets, last Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and also to make arrangements for the annual Irish National Demonstration at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15. President William H. Joyce occupied the chair. Treasurer William Gavin made a report on the financial condition, which was found eminently satisfactory and was unanimously adopted.

A committee of five on organization was appointed. It retired and, after a brief conference, returned and reported the following officers: President of the United Societies, John F. Finerty; vice-president, Daniel O'Connor; treasurer, William Gavin; recording secretary, T. F. Dougherty; corresponding secretary, John J. Dowling.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Resolutions calling for union and fraternity among the people's representatives in Ireland, and recommending that no money be contributed by Irish-Americans for purposes of faction, or until a union is accomplished, were also adopted without a dissenting voice.

The retiring president, Mr. Joyce, then called the newly elected president, Mr. Finerty, to the chair, and, in so doing, made a very happy address.

Mr. Finerty, in accepting the position of president, said he hoped for the active and untiring support of all concerned to make the national demonstration of Aug. 15, at Ogden Grove, a great success. The time for preparation was somewhat shorter than usual, and every member of the Irish societies was expected to do his full duty.

It was moved and carried that the president appoint an executive committee of sixty from the different societies represented to take charge of the arrangements for the demonstration, and that the first meeting of the committee be held at McCoy's Hotel on Saturday evening, July 2.

The president said he would take a week's time to make up the executive committee, as it was important that only men who were willing to do zealous work should be appointed.

A vote of thanks to the retiring president, and the officers associated with him, was moved and carried.

The convention then adjourned subject to call.

The Stephens Home.

Following is a copy of the address presented to Mr. James Stephens, and his reply:

"DEAR FRIEND—With joy we seize this opportunity to greet you returning to the land of your love from an exile of well nigh twenty-five years. We welcome you not only on our own behalf, but knowing full well that we express a sentiment that is strong in the hearts of our countrymen. You have not been forgotten in the land that you strove strenuously to free from bondage. Your work was not in vain, for the memory of your great enterprise has not died out in a later generation, and your principles still remain the evangel of nationality. Nor has the example of your life, devoted to the cause of Irish freedom, been lost upon the people for whose liberation you planned and labored, for whom you have endured the perils of the Irish rebel's lot and the woes of an Irish exile. A slight token of the love of old followers and of young admirers is this cottage home in which, we fervently hope, you will for many years enjoy health, peace, and happiness."

Mr. Stephens replied as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS—On behalf of my wife and from myself I tender you and my fellow-countrymen, and some dear, kind English friends, my heartfelt thanks for this magnificent residence which you have presented to us. I have to ask you to convey to the subscribers to the Exile's Home my lasting gratitude and love, and to assure them that whatever small sacrifices I have made on behalf of my adored country have received a recognition which brings unspeakable joy to solace and comfort me in my declining years. The gratitude, the respect, and the friendship of the Celtic people are combined in this charming and useful gift. While I live to pray and hope for the independence and welfare of our dear nation, I shall with my every thought cherish the hope that her God-given right to freedom may be speedily consummated.

"My feelings of gratitude to my good and kind friends are saddened by the anguish and regret I feel for the absence, through death, of and illustrious Irishman who honored and befriended me, and whose services to Ireland were faithful, enduring, and distinguished.

"And no, my friends, I pray God to bless you all and to save poor Ireland.

JAMES STEPHENS."

HITS THE STRONGMINDED

A Correspondent Rises to Observe that Women Should Keep Out of Politics, and Attend Simply to Matters of Household Interest.

"Women, like princes, find few real friends."
—*Lord Lyttleton.*

The emancipated "strong minded" female has annihilated chivalry and sentiment,—has thrown her glove into the arena and with laundried shirt-front, collar, cuffs, Prince Albert and other male appurtenances, she has been born again and become a man. It is intensely mannish (I will not say manly) to support the weight of the body on the straps of a crowded street car. But such is the inevitable and necessary accompaniment of manhood, natural or borrowed. Masculinity is brusque and hardy and can take care of itself. It is the oak able to fight its own battles and to champion the cause of the greater ivy. Yet, if the ivy masquerades in public places with a bold and brazen face, a cracked and hysterical screech for recognition in political campaigns, either it must fall with ignominy and ridicule or maintain its unnatural and usurped position by virile means.

The armed Amazons of Dahomey can expect no quarter from the bayonets of the French, in virtue of gallantry due their sex. The Roman courtesans were called *togatae* because they wore the male toga. Dr. Roscher, the foremost economist of the historical school says: "It has been frequently observed that among declining nations the social differences between the two sexes are first obliterated, and afterwards even the intellectual differences. The mere masculine the women become, the more effeminate become the men. It is no good symptom when there are almost as many female writers and female rulers as there are male. Such was the case, for instance, in the Hellenistic kingdoms and in the age of the Caesars." No limit is placed on the intellectual advancement of women, still public life so unfits them (with less than a dozen notable exceptions) for the relations of the family, that their married life is a dismal failure. A modest, reserved, companionable woman will make a success of even an inferior man, and one more talented and ambitious will find full scope for her attainments and congenial employment for some of her evenings in the privacy and seclusion of her husband's library. On the other hand, a rip-snorting radical firebrand will transform a generation of cavaliers into womanhaters. The husband of such a woman shrinks into a state of insignificance.

Elisabeth Barrett Browning might indeed with glory to her sex, in the profoundness of her accomplishments, devote herself to the translation of Æculus Prometheus. Harriet Beecher Stowe was none the less a woman for having written the most widely known book of fiction in the English language.

Men do not mind being made war upon in domestic matters; they rather enjoy it and have the good sense to profit by it. They detest merely the aggressive woman who cloaks all her political fads and fancies with these poor words, "advanced ideas." A man likes to be bossed candidly and to have the law laid down to him as Gail Hamilton knew how to do it. Listen to her now: "Make a man understand that he shall eat his dinner like a gentleman, or he shall have no dinner to eat. If he will be crabbed and gulp, let him go down into the coal-bin and have it out alone; but do not let him bring his Fejeeism into the dining-room, to defile the presence of his wife and corrupt the manners of his children." On these matters a woman always knows what she is talking about and can command respect for her views, but no man will peacefully submit to being nailed to the wall and pelted with musty legislation, election laws, protection and free trade, inter-state commerce, monetary conferences and similar topics with which he knows his fair executioner has but a newspaper acquaintance. Aside from an occasional hair-brained and hen-pecked lawyer or over-zealous and enthusiastic divine no one in daily contact with the world wishes the success of the Woman's Rights movement. Any displacement of the domestic system does violence to the law of compensation. Woman enjoys every right which belongs to her. Hers is the empire of the affections. She will dominate man only in so much as she wins and influences him through what is gallant in his nature. He cannot be bullied or forced into giving up his place as the political head of the family. If he yields at all it is merely for peace sake. He falls back to a stronger position from which he can renew the attack and he will finally control his own roost or get out of it. If female writers wish to try cases in the *Forum* or in the *North American Review*, all right and good, but we do not want to see them much less to hear them in the scandalous realism of divorce proceedings. Portia is a character of fiction not of fact. Young men, do not go to the Woman's Temple for a wife or a schwiegermama. You will burn your fingers just as surely as if you attempted to spirit off a priestess from the Temple of Vesta.

There is but one tree in the whole extent of Woman's Eden, the fruit of which is death. That tree is politics. Art, music and literature are embellished by her sympathetic imagination. Sound common sense and delicacy sanction the study of medicine by women, with a view to the treatment of their own sex. In the sick room, at the death-bed, the caress of a woman's hand, a word from a woman's lips will melt the most stony heart and bring it suppliant to the throne of mercy. In the hospital, how many a poor mangled wreck of humanity, startled in his death-rattle, has looked up wildly into the tender blue eyes bending over him and seen through their pure depths the gates of heaven already opened. Ah! Why do women want to be like men! Why do they not live up to ideals of their sex? To our coarser, rougher natures struggling up the narrow path they are like God's angelic sentinels.

EIRIUS

The Kernels of Things.

"Those critics who map out territorial limits for the production of literature, as if they were considering an agricultural expert's report upon different kinds of soil, forget one important thing: literature does not grow like mustard and cress or radishes under certain climatic conditions; it grows in men's hearts and minds under certain climatic conditions." it says Walter Blackburn Harte in "A Plea for Catholicity in Literature" in the June *New England Magazine*. "Human nature in all countries and in all ages is practically the same, just as the grass and the skies are the same. Men come and go as the grass comes and goes, and individual men, like individual blades of grass, may differ; but in essentials they are eternally the same. The natural and human in literature, as in human life itself, with which it must ever be inseparable or it cannot be at all, must always be perennial, rising above all apparent differentiation of form or expression, just as the men of all ages are identical with those of today. The toga or the trousers do not constitute a difference in humanity. The principal barriers between peoples are, and always have been, difference in language and national customs, but in the reconciliation of thought, these differences have no place. The literatures of the world establish the absolute identity of all humanity. It is wofully true that most travelers and writers see only externals; they subject the shell of the nut to microscopic examination, because it is unfamiliar, and do not discover that the nut is the same as that which is encased in their own shell. But in the world's literature only the hearts of things can find a place."

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS MOTT.

On Thursday, the 16th inst., Thomas Mott, for thirty years a resident of Chicago and for the past three years at Parkside station, was accidentally killed while in the discharge of his duties at the Illinois Central pile-driving work, foot of Twelfth street. To his friends the announcement came with startling distress: to his mother, wife, family, and his brothers and sisters, the terrible affliction was softened only by the knowledge that he was ready when the summons came. To a conscientious, honest, God loving man, regularly communicating every month, and with an unblemished life and stainless character, however ruthlessly and without warning death may come, it cannot but be "well with him." His funeral, largely attended, took place Sunday from St. Thomas Catholic church in Hyde Park, and the interment was at Mount Olivet. For years Mr. Mott has been a faithful employe of the Illinois Central railroad, and combining rare kindliness of nature and exemplary Christian integrity with a most unobtrusive disposition, made many friends who extend their sympathies to the bereaved family. Court No. 15, Catholic Order of Foresters, attended the funeral in a body.

"To tell of victories or achievements won—
Were idle fallacy not worth a thought, not one;
Say rather that he lived the many years now gone
Ready at any time to say 'Thy will be done.'"

FRIEND.

Court St. Thomas No. 15, C. O. F., of Hyde Park, adopted the following resolutions on the death of brother Thomas Mott:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our well beloved brother Thomas Mott, and

WHEREAS, Brother Mott has always been esteemed as a faithful brother of our Order, a loving husband and a kind father to his family; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our deceased brother our kindly sympathy in this their sad hour of affliction, that the Father of all, may help them to bear their great burden of sorrow. Furthermore be it

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved relatives, also be printed in the next issue of THE CITIZEN and spread upon the records of the Court.

J. GRAY,
D. GLEASON
J. F. KEATING,
Committee on Resolutions.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A. O. H.

A special meeting of Division No. 6 was held on last Sunday. The committee of arrangements for the picnic to be held on Saturday, July 2 submitted their report, which was approved of. Brother James Ryan introduced the subject of providing Mrs. Daniel Curley and her sons with a home, and it was unanimously agreed upon that this Division heartily co-operate in making the testimonial a success.

PETER QUIGLEY, Rec. Sec'y.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847 50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER IV.

I have sought to give somewhat like a correct idea of Daniel O'Connell; yet feel that an extract here and there from his speeches is but a brick from Babylon. This orator was no master of sentences; and when he attempted now and then to perorate, the thing was a failure. His power lay in his perfect knowledge of the people he addressed, their ways of life, wants and aspirations; and his intensely human sympathy with it. Thus it needed but a small joke from him to convulse a large meeting, because his lip and eye quivered with inexpressible fun. His pathos had no coercion for modulated periods, because when he told in simplest words some tale of sorrow and oppression (and many a sorrow and oppression was close at hand to point the moral)—and when the deep music of his voice grew husky, and clenched hand and swelling chest revealed the wrath and pity that burned and melted within him—the passions of mighty multitudes rose and swayed and sunk again beneath his hand, as tides heave beneath the moon.

Every day's history gave him his theme and his illustrations

From a Londonderry newspaper, I cut an advertisement, signed by one Mc'Mullin, "Emigration Agent," which will show what was going on throughout Ireland in the spring of this year, better than particular details could do:

"NOTICE—A favorable opportunity presents itself, in the course of the present month, for Quebec to gentlemen residing in the counties of Londonderry, Donegal, Tyrone or Fermanagh, who wish to send to the Canadas *the overstock tenantry* belonging to their estates—as a moderate rate of passage will be taken, and six months' credit given for a lump sum to any gentleman requiring such accommodations, etc."

The mode in which the "overstock tenantry" are persuaded in Ireland to embark for America, is ejecting them, and pulling down their houses. And in 1843 and many years before and since, this process has been going on so extensively and notoriously, that I shall have no further occasion to refer to it, until we arrive at what the British call the "Famine." This treatment of the peasantry, though continued ever since O'Neill and O'Donnell fell, early in the seventeenth century, seemed yet new and strange to the Irish peasant, and to him more intolerable than to any other in Europe, except the Highland Scots; for the reason that, in the social polity of the Gael, no such thing as a "tenant" was known; every man being as free as his chief, and, by virtue of the clanship, owning as clear a title in the tribe-lands. Upon this ancient social system the new feudal tenures were forced in by English power; and the struggle between them lasts to this day. O'Connell, then, was sure of a sympathetic audience when he thus addressed a vast meeting in Connaught:

"When struggling for Catholic emancipation, they were only looking for the rights of a class, but they were at present struggling to bring back nine millions a year to their country, which would give comfort and riches to Protestant, Presbyterian and Catholic (hear, hear). They were struggling to give Fixity of Tenure to the landholder, and safety to the landlord; and, oh! he would call upon the landlords of Ireland to unite with him in the attainment of a measure that would ultimately be of the greatest benefit to themselves, while it would put a stop to the horrible clearance system, with all its frightful crimes and evils upon one side, and the dreadful assassinations on the other, which were prompted by deep despair and vengeance (hear, hear). He often heard the poor woman say, when about to be turned out of the cabin, that it was there she lighted the first fire in her own house,—it was there her children were born and brought up about her,—there her husband reposed after the hard toil of the day,—there were all her affections centered, because they called to her mind all the pleasing reminiscences of early life; but her tears were disregarded, her feelings scoffed at, and the tyrant mandate was heard to issue: 'Pull down the house!' (Very great sensation). Yes, wholesale murders were committed, on the one side, by a slow but not less certain process; sudden individual assassinations were committed on the other; both bringing down upon the perpetrators the wrath of the Divine Being! With the blessing of heaven they would put an end to these crimes, and he called upon the good and virtuous to unite with him in the attainment of so holy a purpose."

So, when he would startle or ask: "Did you ever hear of the *tithes!*" he knew what long and bitter memories of blood and horror the question would call up.

"Did you ever hear of the Tithes? They call them rent charge now; do you like them any better since they have been newly christened?"

And when the murmur of execration had subsided:

"Well, repeat the Union, and you get rid of that curse; no widow woman's stackyard will ever more be plundered by the police and red-coats, to pay a clergyman whom she never saw, and whose ministration she would not attend. Repeal the Union, and every man will pay the pastor of his choice. I don't want Protestants to pay our Catholic clergy; why should we be compelled to pay theirs?"

Language, this, which generally seemed to his audience perfectly fair.

Whig newspapers and politicians in England (the Whigs being then in opposition) began now to suggest various conciliatory measures—to heal of the anomaly of the "Established Church"—and generally gave it to be understood, that if *they* were in power, they would know how to deal with the Repeal agitation. At every meeting, O'Connell turned these professions into ridicule. It was too late now, he said, to offer to buy up Repeal by concessions, or good measures. An Irish parliament in College Green; this was his ultimatum. He "once knew an *omadhaun* (idiot) in Kerry—where, by the bye, there were not many of them—who used to watch till the hen was out, and then slip to the nest and suck her eggs. One day he went to the nest and found some eggs—bored a hole in the end of one with his finger, and just as he turned the whole contents of it over his tongue, the chicken that was in it squeaked. 'Ha! lad,' said he, 'you spoke late.' He would say the same to Lord John Russell and the Whigs, when they talked of offering justice instead of Repeal: 'Ha! lads, you spoke late.'"

Again, at another meeting, referring to the same matter:

It had also been said by another paper that he had always preferred the Whigs to the Tories; but let them always recollect that it had been a familiar jest of his, that Paddy supported the Whigs for the same reason that he stuffed his hat in a broken pane—not to let in the light, but to keep out the cold (laughter)."

There was not the least fear, however, of either Whig or Tory killing Repeal by too much kindness. If the whole unbroken mass of grievances was necessary to keep up the agitation in full force, he was likely to be left in clear possession of it all. For example when Mr. Ward, Whig member for Sheffield, on the first of August in this year, brought forward a motion directed against the Irish Church Establishment, the principal Whig leaders were absent; all the ministers were absent except Lord Eliot, and nearly all the members of parliament rose and left the house. On motion of Mr Escott, the house was "counted out," and there was and end of the subject.

It was clear enough that the mind of England was made up. Any faltering—any admission, even that there was anything in Ireland to be complained of, and everything might follow. Repeal was to be crushed, said the Tories; was to be bought, said the Whigs. And still, as England grew more resolute on the one side, Ireland became more ardent on the other.

I have already mentioned Thomas Davis and his circle of friends. Through the *Nation* they had now the ear of the people almost as completely as O'Connell himself; and while they carefully reported and circulated all his speeches, they were at the same time infusing into the agitation a proud and defiant military spirit—by essays on Irish history, and national ballads, presenting, with the symmetry and polish of a cut gem, the most striking events and personages of our story; from Clontarf, where "King Brian smote down the Dane," to Beaburb, where Owen Roe O'Neill trampled the blue banner of the Covenanting army, and Limerick, from whose old towers and moats the sword of Sarsfield bore back King William. In any account of the movement which then stirred the Irish people, it would be a blunder to omit this silent band of literary revolutionists with their exciting appeals to history, their popular essays, full of accurate knowledge, and instinct with genial fire, and their impassioned and hopeful songs. The enemy appreciated them well, and O'Connell feared them hardly less, for they threatened to precipitate a species of struggle for which he was by no means prepared. The *Morning Post* one of the ministerial organs, in July, described these young revolutionists in no complimentary terms, thus:

"We have reason to believe that the younger part of the Irish agitators are a far more serious set of men than their fathers. They think more, and drink and joke a great deal less. They are full of the dark vices of Jacobinism. They look forward to the slaughter of those they hate as the greatest enjoyment they could experience. Our correspondent tells us that the example of Belgium is much in the heads of these agitators, but that, in his opinion, if these people had their way, the upshot would be a republic, and not a Monarchy. We have every reason to believe that this opinion is a correct one. The young men of the movement are Jacobin republicans. They are full of vanity and of bad passions, and they want to be themselves the government; and they have an enthusiasm, which, once brought into action, may perhaps almost convert dreams into realities, and make short work with our placid, patient, unmovable lookers-on, who think they are discharging the functions of government."

The presence and vehement activity, and growing influence of these men—namely, Dillon, Barry, Doheny, MacNevin, Duffy, and, above all, Davis—had the effect of urging and goading O'Connell forward. He could not ignore, nor combat, the spirit they were arousing in the masses; he saw and appreciated their power in kindling the fine enthusiasm of our cultivated youth, and felt himself obliged to raise his own tone in accord with them. Yet he loved them not. Such men are dangerous; and he would have been much better content to have around him only his own humble dependants, expectant barristers, paid inspectors of Repeal wardens, and poor Tom Steele, once a noble gentleman and soldier, then a ruined wreck, solemn sesquipedalian buffoon, and "Head Pacificator" to the Liberator.

We approach the end of the monster meetings. Neither England nor Ireland could bear this excitement much longer. The two grandest and most imposing of these parades were at Tara and Mullaghmast, both in the province of Leinster, within a short distance of Dublin, both conspicuous, the one in glory, the other in gloom, through past centuries, and haunted by ghosts or kings and chiefs.

On the great plain of Meath, not far from the Boyne river rises a gentle eminence, in the midst of a luxuriant farming country. On and around its summit are still certain mouldering remains of earthen mounds and moats, the ruins of the "House of Cormac" and the "Mound of the Hostages," and the Stone of Destiny. It is Temora of the Kings. On Tuesday morning, Aug. 15, most of the population of Meath, with many thousands from the four counties round, were pouring along every road leading to the hill. Numerous bands, banners and green boughs, enlivened their march, or divided their ordered squadrons. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the handsome private chariot to the Irish jaunting-car were continually arriving, and by the wardens duly disposed around the hill. In Dublin, the "Liberator," after a public breakfast, set forth at the head of a cortege, and his progress to Tara was a procession and a triumph. Under triumphal arches, and amid a storm of music and acclamations his carriage passed through the several little towns that lay in his way. At Tara the multitudes assembled were estimated in the *Nation* at 750,000; an exaggeration, certainly. But they were at least 350,000. Their numbers were not so impressive as their order and discipline, nor these so wonderful as the stifled enthusiasm that uplifted them above the earth. They came, indeed, with naked hands, but the Agitator knew well that if he had invited them they would have come still more gladly with extemporaneous pikes and spears, "or instruments serving for pikes and spears." He had been proclaiming from every hill top in Ireland for six months that something was coming—that Repeal was "on the wild winds of heaven." Expectation had grown intense, painful, almost intolerable. He knew it, and those who were close to him as he mounted the platform, noticed that his lip and hand visible trembled, as he gazed over the boundless human ocean, and heard its thundering roar of welcome. He knew that every soul in that host demanded its enfranchisement at his hand.

O'Connell called this meeting "an august and triumphant meeting;" and as if conscious that he must at least seem to make another step in advance, he brought up at the next meeting of the Repeal association a detailed "plan for the renewed action of the Irish parliament," which, he said, it only needed the queen's writ to put in operation. The new house of commons was to consist of 300 members, quite fairly apportioned to the several constituencies; and in the meantime, he announced that he would invite 300 gentlemen to assemble in Dublin early in December, who were to come from every part of Ireland and virtually represent their respective localities. This was the "Council of 300," about which he had often talked before in a vague manner, but had evidently great difficulty in bringing to pass legally. For it would be a "Convention of Delegates,"—and such an assembly, though legal enough in England is illegal in Ireland. Conventions (like arms and ammunition) are held to be unsuitable to the Irish character. For, in fact, it had been a convention which proclaimed the independence of Ireland in Dungannon, and the arms and ammunition of the volunteers army had made it good in 1782; good for eighteen years.

The plan of this council of 300 was hailed with great joy by the *Nation* party. They felt that if boldly carried into effect, it must bring on the crisis one way or another. "The hour is approaching," they wrote, "that will test the leaders of the people, and try the souls of the millions. The curtain has risen on the fifth act of the drama."

Two weeks after, the London parliament was prorogued, and the queen's speech (composed by Sir Robert Peel) was occupied almost entirely by two subjects—the disturbances in Wales and the Repeal agitation in Ireland. There had been some rioting and bloodshed in Wales, in resistance to oppressive turnpike dues and the like; there was a quiet and legal expression of opinion in Ireland, unattended by the slightest outrage, demanding back the parliament of the country. The queen first dealt with Wales. She had taken measures, she said, for the repression of violence—and at the same time directed an inquiry to be made into the circumstances which led to it. As to Ireland, her majesty said there was discontent and disaffection, but uttered not a word about any inquiry into the causes of that. "It had ever been her earnest desire," her majesty said "to administer the government of that country in a spirit of strict justice and impartiality"—and "she was firmly determined, under the blessing of Divine Providence," to maintain the Union. The little principality of Wales was in open revolt; there ministers would institute inquiry. Ireland was quiet, and standing upon the law; there they would meet the case with horse, foot and artillery, for we all knew that was what the queen meant by "the blessing of Divine Providence."

Again the Agitator mustered all Connacht at three great monster meetings—in Roscommon, Clifden and Loughrea. Again he asked them if they were for the Repeal and again the mountains and the sea cliffs resounded with their acclaim. Yes, they were for the Repeal, they had said so before. What next?

Leinster, too, was summoned again to meet on the 1st of October, at Mullaghmast, in Kildare county, near the road from Dublin to Carlow, and close on the borders of the Wicklow highlands. Every device was used to make this the most imposing and effective of all the meetings. The spot was noted as the scene of a massacre of some chiefs of Offaly and Leix, with hundreds of their clansmen, in 1577, by the English of the Pale, who had invited them to a great feast, but had troops silently drawn around the banqueting hall, who, at a signal, attacked the place and cut the throat of every wassailer. The hill of Mullaghmast, like that of Tara, is crowned by a Rath, or ancient earthen rampart, enclosing about three acres.

To this meeting it was supposed that additional importance would be given if the members of the town corporations of Leinster should repair thither in their corporate robes. O'Connell took the chair in the scarlet cloak of Alderman. There had lately been invented a "national cap," modelled after the form of an Irish crown. One of these was prepared, splendidly embroidered, wherewith to crown O'Connell on the Rath of Mullaghmast, and it was with great ceremony placed on his head by John Bogan, the first of Irish sculptors. We read in the papers of the day how the liberator's face beamed with pleasure when Bogan placed the cap upon his head, saying: "Sir, I only regret that this cap is not of gold."

And again there was a vast assemblage and again the numerous bands discoursed Irish music, and the air was fanned by thousand banners, and rent by the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of human beings, and again O'Connell assured them that England could not long resist these demonstrations of their peaceful resolve that the Union was a nullity—that he had already arranged his plan for the new Irish parliaments—and that this was the Repeal year.

In truth, it was time for England either to yield with good grace or to find or make some some law applicable to this novel "political offense," or to provoke a fight and blow away Repeal with cannon. Many of the Protestants were joining O'Connell, and even the troops in some Irish regiments had been known to throw up their caps with "Hurrah for Repeal!" It was high time to grapple with the "Sedition."

Accordingly, the government was all this time watching for an occasion on which it could come to issue with the agitation, where all advantages were on its side. The next week that occasion arose. A great metropolitan meeting was appointed to be held on the historic shore of Clontarf, two miles from Dublin, along the Bay, on Sunday, Oct. 8. The garrison of Dublin amounted then to about 4,000 men, besides the 1,000 police, with abundance of field artillery.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, when it was already almost dusk, a Proclamation was posted on the walls of Dublin, signed by the Irish Secretary and Privy Councillors and the Commander of the Forces forbidding the meeting and charging all magistrates and officers, "and others whom it might concern, to be aiding and assisting in the execution of the law in preventing said meeting."

"Let them not dare," O'Connell had often said, "to attack us!" The challenge was now to be accepted. The curtain rises on the fifth act.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A Visit to a Lighthouse.

The keeper lived in a nice brick house close to the tower, and also painted white. Unlocking the tower door, we began to climb the iron stair which winds round and round inside until your head swims. It was very dark (I don't remember any windows there. Up and up we went, quite slowly, the keeper leading until the stairs seemed to run right up against the ceiling but the keeper pushed a bolt aside, stepped up one more step, and a flood of light came down upon us. He had opened an iron trap-door, and we went up through the opening. It was a tight fit, I tell you. I don't think it could have been more than eighteen inches square, and I could just squeeze through.

There we were at last, on the top, close to the lantern. I can't describe it scientifically, but it was a beauty. All was of brass and thick plate glass, both wonderfully polished. In the centre was the lamp, which holds two quarts of kerosene oil, but the light uses nearly four quarts every night between sunset and sunrise. Each night, at about midnight, the second lamp full of oil has to be set in place. Think of that boys! Every night in the year, at midnight, the keeper has to get out of a warm bed, climb the long stairs and change the lamp. It may be a cold winter night, the thermometer below zero, with a furious gale shaking the tower and driving the spray clear over the top. No, matter; the lamp must be changed.

The lantern stands about two and a half feet high, on an iron pedestal as high, and has a clock attachment, run by a heavy weight, which hangs half way down the tower, in a groove in the wall. The keeper puts in a big key and turns it once or twice. "Now watch," he says; "and then slowly, very slowly, the whole lantern begins to move. "It turns around once in three minutes," he says, "and shows a flash each side for a quarter of a minute, once every half minute. At that point to the south east it shows red through that red pane there. That's what we call the red sector."

"Why does it?"

"There is a dangerous shoal in that direction."

So now you will know what a "sector" is in a lighthouse.

There is room to walk around the lantern, but a man six feet high would have only two inches space above his tall hat! The sides of the tower here are thick panes of beautifully clear glass, almost half an inch thick; yet sometimes they are broken. By what, do you think? Why, by wild ducks and geese flying against them, dazzled by the light!

The little room in which we are is very hot; the big panes of glass around it cannot be opened, and though there is a thick yellow shade to each one, I am almost faint with the heat.

So we go down again, through the little trap door, into the dark tube of the tower, where our footfalls and voices rang hollow on the iron stairs and the cold white walls. How cool and refreshing it is after the stifling little top room! Down and around we go, till once more the bottom is reached, and we step outside on the grass again.—*William Abbatt, in June St. Nicholas*

GETTYSBURG.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

[The following poem, by James Jeffrey Roche of the Boston *Pilot*, was read at the dedication of the "High-Water-Mark Monument," on the battlefield of Gettysburg, on June 2, 1893.]

There was no union in the land—
Though wise men labored long,
With links of clay and ropes of sand,
To bind the right and wrong.

There was no temper in the blade
That once could cleave a chain;—
Its edge was dull with touch of trade
And clogged with rust of gain.

The sand and clay must shrink away
Before the lava tide;—
By blows and blood and fire essay
The metal must be tried.

Here sledge and anvil met; and, when
The furnace fiercest roared,
God's undiscerning workingmen
Reforged His people's sword.

Enough for them to ask and know
The moment's duty clear:
The bayonets flashed it there below,—
The guns proclaimed it here:

To do and dare, and die at need,
But [illegible] lasts, to fight—
[illegible]eed,
[illegible]at.
[illegible]ho stood that day
[illegible] this post of dread;—
[illegible]owards they who wore the gray
Until the gray was red;—

For, every wreath the victor wears
The vanquished half may claim;
And every monument declares
A common pride and fame.

We raise no altar stones to Hate,
Who never bowed to fear:
No province trenches at our gate,
To shame our triumph here.

Here, standing by a dead wrong's grave,
The blindest now may see,
The blow that liberates the slave
But sets the master free!

When ills best the nation's life
Too dangerous to bear,
The sword must be the surgeon's knife,
Too merciful to spare.

O! Soldier of our common land,
'Tis thine to bear that blade,—
Loose in the sheath or firm in hand,—
But ever unafraid.

When foreign foes assail our right,
ONE nation trusts to thee
To wield it well in worthy fight—
The sword of Meade and Lee!

Singular, if True.

[*To the Editor.*]

There is gross discrimination being used against Irishmen in many of the avenues of employment that were formerly open to them. Some time ago I was an applicant for the position of conductor on the South Side street cars. I have the finest references from my former employers. I am young and active and of good presence.

The gentleman who did the hiring inquired my nationality, how long I have lived in the country, and if I were a citizen. I told him I had lived in the country twelve years, that I was a citizen, but he held out no hopes that I could get employment from him. Now, the strange part of it is that I am acquainted with some Englishmen and Canadians who have only lived in the country a few months and are not citizens, and they get employment without any trouble, and no questions as to citizenship were asked of them. I inquired from a friend of mine who works for the company if he could explain the cause of the discrimination, and he informed me that it had been going on since Mr. Holmes left the South Side company. He could not say if the president was a party to it, but he thought it was owing to the man who did the hiring being a member of the American Protective Association.

This association, composed mostly of Englishmen and Canadian Orangemen, is going to protect America against us, and its members are sworn not to employ Irishmen or Catholics of any nationality. It would be well if some responsible party would know if this is the fiat of the company, and if so the why and wherefore. The company can employ whom it likes, but the public should know the ground for this unjust discrimination. D. T. C.

H. R. EAGLE

GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

XXX Soda Crackers, per lb	5 cts
Sweet Chocolate, per cake	3 cts
A Sponge as large as your head	5 cts
Wrigley's Mineral Scouring Soap, per cake	3 cts
Olive Oil, per bottle	7 cts
Whole Black Pepper, per lb	9 cts
3-lb can Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can	7 cts
Ice Cream Salt, per lb	1 ct
1-lb pkg Best Corn Starch, per lb	5 cts
Quart bottle Catsup for	12 cts
Kirk's Standard Family Soap, per bar	2½ cts
A 6 lb box Best Laundry Starch for	35 cts
A half-gallon bottle Liquid Bluing	20 cts
C & B PICKLES—	
Pints, 21 cents; per doz	$2 50
Quarts, 45 cents; per doz	$5 40
A 27-ounce bottle Spanish Olives	19 cts
French Cherries in Maraquin, per bottle	75 cts
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	35 cts
Pasadena Peeled Pie Peaches, per can	10 cts
23 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1 00
A 2-lb tin pail Fruit Jelly	9 cts
A 2-lb can Table Blackberries	3 cts

CIGARS.

New Brands,
Fresh Goods,
AT LESS THAN
MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Cuban Beauty, 4½-inch Conchas, well made, nice smooth wrappers and a nice package, 50 in a box	58 cts
Spanish Beauty, 4½-inch Concha Finas, 50 in box	64 cts
Doloresa, 4½-inch Perfecto, 50 in box	68 cts
Peerless, 4½-inch Panetelas, Havana Scrap Filler, 50 in box	72 cts
Sanchez & Haye Conchas Especiales, 50 in box	$2 90
Corn Cob Pipes, fire lined, 3 dozen in box	45 cts

CROCKERY.

Best Quality
English Ware,
All Decorated

Cups and Saucers for	9 cts
Cream Pitchers, each	14 cts
Breakfast Plates, each	9 cts
Dinner Plates, each	10 cts
Nelson's Gelatine, per package	9 cts
A 7-foot Step Ladder for	49 cts

HAMMOCKS.

Buy a Hammock of H R EAGLE & CO., and live happy, rest easy, and be sure to tell all your neighbors about it. We sell them cheaper than ever before offered, because we bought them at "forced sale" prices, and of which we gladly give our many customers and friends the benefit.

Large, strong Cotton Hammock	39 cts
Braided Edge Mexican Hammock	59 cts

FLOUR

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour.. $4.79

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in bags:

25-lb Bags, Each	60 cents
50-lb Bags, Each	$1.39
FINEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT FLOUR Per barrel	$4.39

PORCELAIN-LINED
PRESERVE KETTLES.

2 Quart	19 cts
3 "	23 cts
4 "	25 cts
5 "	29 cts
6 "	35 cts
7 "	42 cts
8 "	45 cts
10 "	49 cts
12 "	55 cts
14 "	60 cts

ICE-CREAM FREEZERS.

THE LIGHTNING.

2 Quart	$1 26
3 Quart	$1 39
4 Quart	$1 75
6 Quart	$2.20

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

2 Quart	$1.49
3 Quart	$1.69
4 Quart	$1.99
6 Quart	$2.69

3 Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons, with handle	59 cts
Large, Heavy Tin Dishpan	9 cts
Extra Heavy 6-Ring Muffin Pan	1 ct
Good Strong Coffee Mill, each	19 cts
Heavy Tin Wash Boiler, copper bottom	59 cts
All Copper Wash Boiler, each	$1 49
Heavy Tin Wash Basins, each	1 ct
Heavy Tin Dippers, each	1 ct
Feather Dusters, each	4 cts
Good Whisk Brooms, each	4 cts
Dover Egg Beaters, each	9 cts
Indurated Fiber Water Pails, each	35 cts

KING GAS STOVES,

Each 59 cents.

MASON FRUIT JARS.

Pints, Quarts, Half-Gallons. Extra Covers, Extra Rubbers.

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

IRISH NEWS.

The Dublin Main Drainage bill has passed standing orders of the house of commons.

The emigration from Queenstown for the week ending Sunday last numbered 1 005, being 62 in excess of the number for the corresponding week of last year.

The royal commission on labor is to send a commission to Ireland to take evidence on the rate of agricultural wages in the same manner as in Scotland.

Mr. Fisher, of the Munster *Express*, Waterford, has been committed to Waterford jail under a writ of attachment issued by Judge Boyd for contempt of court in the publication of an article reflecting on the management of an estate which is under the control of the Court of Chancery.

The Dublin *Gazette* announces officially that the title of Lord Mayor is conferred by her Majesty's letters patent upon the mayor of Belfast. The corporation of Belfast will now be known by the description, "The Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of the City of Belfast."

At Parsonstown, Quarter Sessions on the 31 inst., a middle aged woman, of respectable appearance, wearing a nun's habit, was convicted of obtaining money under false pretese of being a member of the Order of Sisters of Charity, and sentenced by Judge Curran to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Sir Thomas Brady's petition of right, questioning the power of the treasury to remove him from his office of inspector of fisheries, under the recent "Sixty five rule," was begun before the master of the rolls. The petitioner contended that as he was appointed a permanent inspector by the lord lieutenant under a special act, and as the office involved judicial duties, it is therefore a freehold one, with which only the lord lieutenant could interfere, and he is not removable by the treasury. The case is still at hearing.

The Father Mathew Statue Committee have received from the sculptoress, Miss Redmond, an assurance that the marble statue of Father Mathew will be handed over by her to the committee in October next. They have reason to believe that this announcement will quicken the public interest in the commemoration of a man who fills so large a space in the modern social history of Ireland. There are very many districts of the country that have not yet contributed to the fund, and the committee require at least £300 before they can unveil the statue.

The historic building at Youghal known as Myrtle Grove, and famous as the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, was offered for sale by auction at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London. The house, which was recently in the possession of the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, M. P., was the place where Sir Walter Raleigh collected together the troop of horse which was brought to operate against the Desmonds, and in command of which he first gained Queen Elizabeth's favor. In the garden are the four yew trees still standing which were planted by Raleigh in 1588, and under the shade of which it is recorded Spencer read out the MSS. of the "Faerie Queen" to Raleigh while the latter smoked the first tobacco introduced into this country. The place abounds in historic associations apart from Sir Walter Raleigh, and the curious are shown in a bed-room next the drawing-room an opening in the wainscot which leads to a recess where monks at the time of the Reformation are reputed to have hidden their valuables, while in the cellars is a subterranean passage which has all sorts of old stories attached to it. Despite its historic interest the bids made were insufficient, and the sale fell through.—*Irish Catholic.*

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machines shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

GIVE WHAT IS GIVEN.

He who can feel in love has gifted
With sight beyond the rest,
Most true will be his intellect
Of the things to see the best.

Blame he must when false lights beckon
Men and nations to their doom;
Him shall history ages reckon
As their glory or their gloom.

What to him the crowd that listens
To itself and is content?
Guided by the star that glistens
Highest in the firmament.

He must stand beyond the passing
Thinker on the dreamer's way,
Toiling, delving and amassing
Wisdom for a future day.

From the rise of oldest nations
To the last land of the earth,
All along the different stations
Made and filled by men of worth,

He beholds Truth's hand forever
Crushing down the vaunted lie!
Urging him with high endeavor
To the deed that shall not die.
—James Riley in Boston Pilot.

RIQUET.

Last year I spent a few days with a friend, who is judge of the court at A——, in the lovely country of Provence. We were breakfasting and I was retailing the gay doings of Paris when a servant entered and gave my host a very thick letter.

"Pardon me," said my friend, "I see this comes from the prison and I must read it at once."

When he had finished he seemed quite depressed for one who had seen many human beings sentenced to death without showing the least emotion.

"Read it," he said, passing me the large missive.

Here are the contents:

YOUR HONOR—My trial is set for to-morrow. I have endeavored to explain my case to the young lawyer who defends me, but from his manner I think my history only amuses him. I am afraid to speak of it to you, and for that reason I write. Pardon the liberty. Believe me, sir, I am an honest man and not a genuine thief.

I have not always been the poor wretch I am now. In times past I was quite well off. I was by no means the richest man in Sorgas when I married Dilonne, but I was certainly the one most in love. She was so pretty! More than one gentleman envied me on our wedding day. We were very happy. Every evening when I came home, tired with the day's work, just to see her smile seemed to rest me. A little girl, beautiful as the angels, came to crown our happiness. Employment was not lacking, and I worked with a good will. I fear my letter will be very long, but I must give you all the details.

By and by, finding ourselves better off, Dilonne confided to me her ambition. She wanted to own a donkey. She sold butter and eggs in the town, and the distance was long on foot. "With a donkey," she said, "I can easily go to market and take Solange with me." We laid aside six five franc pieces for the purchase of our little beast, and one beautiful spring morning we started at 5 o'clock to be first on the field at the county fair. We walked along gayly under the fresh green foliage, and I can still recall how merrily the money clinked in my pocket. After walking for an hour and a half we arrived at the grounds. We had taken turns carrying little Solange. She was four years old and solid on her tiny feet, but not able to walk such a distance.

There were at least thirty donkeys for sale. I chose one, but Dilonne said it had a wicked look. At last, by careful search, we found a very small one. He was young and had a playful little air as he pawed the ground impatiently with his small hoofs. He had handsome dark eyes and wagged his long ears at every sound. We knew he must be gentle, for, Solange having slipped away to get nearer to him, he patiently allowed her to pat him.

The owner, seeing that the beast suited us, asked forty francs for him. I offered twenty-five. After an hour spent in bargaining we agreed upon thirty. Toward evening we started for home, the good little animal following us very willingly with Solange on his back. The installation of our new possession was quite an affair, but he appeared to appreciate it all, for from that time I think he really loved us. We named him "Riquet." Every morning at breakfast time he used to come for his bit of bread to the window; his pretty head framed in sweet peas and morning glories, he would rub our hands gently with his nose to express his thanks.

Just as we had planned, twice a week Dilonne went to town with her butter, eggs and fresh vegetables in one basket and Solange in the other for a counterbalance. I could watch them from a long distance as they approached our home, always a little tired.

But there came a day, after three years of continued happiness, when Dilonne could not leave her bed. My poor darling! She had the typhoid fever. Doctors came from town. They cut off her beautiful black hair; they put ice on her head, but nothing could save her. She died while attempting to sing a little song. I could have wished to die also, all was so changed for me—but Solange was left. She was growing very fast and looked exactly like her mother.

On Sundays we two—Solange and I—would go to the cemetery which surrounded our little church and stay there by the grave until afternoon, when we used to take a walk, the little one mounted on Riquet. Thus we would ramble on for a long distance, gathering great bunches of grass for the donkey's supper.

One afternoon—it was during the olive harvest—there were signs of a storm, and the master made us work until daybreak to finish the picking. I could not go home that day or the next, but the following evening I started, happy in the thought of once more seeing Solange. To my great surprise she did not come to meet me, and on getting nearer our cottage I could see no light in the windows. Trembling with fear I entered the house. I saw my cherished little girl lying on the bed all dressed. The door was open, and Riquet stood at the sill watching her, but only his head was stretched into the room. She was in a burning fever, having caught cold the night before while watching so late for me to come.

Forgive me, your honor, for telling you all my troubles; but when I saw the poor child so ill I nearly lost my senses. The fever never left her. She had a thousand fancies. Sometimes she grew pale, her great eyes shining very brightly. Dilonne was the only friend who could make her smile. She often had a hard cough, which exhausted her completely and brought two brilliant red spots to her cheeks. She grew weaker and weaker. Nothing seemed to give her any strength. The doctor said very little, but ordered medicines which cost much money. I could no longer work. I staid all day by the side of my little invalid. Soon she could not leave her bed, and then she had many fantastic wishes; she longed for expensive fruit, for toys and flowers. I had no money, and not knowing what to do I was forced to borrow. How could I refuse my darling?

A neighbor lent me the money, for which he made me sign a note. I would have signed away my hope of a place in paradise to make Solange happy, to watch her smile or see a ray of returning health. One afternoon in spring she said to me, in the little coaxing voice which I could never resist, "Dear father, I feel well! I want to see the flowers. Will you bring Riquet and put me on him and take me out a little way?"

I wrapped her up warmly. She was as light as a feather. Riquet seemed pleased enough when he felt this tiny burden, and held his ears erect as if to show his good intentions. Solange cried out with joy, she was so glad to be in the fresh air and bright sunshine. Her small hands, which were almost transparent, scarcely held the reins, but Riquet stopped of his own accord at all the best places for her to gather wild roses and sprigs of the hawthorn, which shed its white petals like snow on my little darling.

"Oh, it is so nice here, is it not, papa?" As the poor child said this her head dropped. She had a sort of convulsion and fell back on my arm which was about her. She was dead.

The doctor told me he had expected it. They took her from me and I was alone.

As I had not paid back the money I borrowed and had signed a note for it, they came to my house and seized everything. The sheriff looked into all the closets, fumbled in the bureau drawers, went from cellar to attic and out to the stable, and finally, on All Saints' Day, they held the sale. The auctioneer stood on our large table.

From a distance I could see him take each article in his hand and hold it up to view—our china and glass, the clock, my clothes, the baby's cradle—everything was sold. Hidden in a little vine covered arbor I watched it all, and I felt my heart breaking as one thing after another went under the hammer. Finally, raising his voice, the auctioneer said: "There is also a young donkey good for work. Is there a buyer at forty francs?"

No one spoke.

"At thirty?"

Not a word.

"Twenty-five?"

Then he said, "Gentlemen, he is worth more than that."

They went to fetch Riquet. He came very slowly, pricking up his long ears and looking defiance from his eyes. He seemed to realize that he was to be sold, and that for him also happiness was at an end.

"This donkey is offered for fifteen francs, gentlemen!"

"Twenty!" said one.

"Twenty-one!" said another.

"No one bids higher? Gone!" and a burly, red haired, red faced farmer claimed him.

Poor Riquet, who had always been so gentle, tried to kick, but his new master struck him with a heavy stick and dragged him away. I suppose it was very foolish, your honor, but when I saw that I ran off sobbing.

I had to live, so I went to a farmer in the neighborhood, who hired me by the day. I worked like a brute, and that tired me so completely that it kept me from thinking of my grief. At night I slept soundly, but the awakening was terrible, as I realized more and more each day my burden of sorrow.

At the end of a year the farmer's daughter was married, and there was a grand fete at the house; but the sound of the wedding music was a death knell in my heart. I felt that I must get away from it all.

Quite alone I walked across the country, and in spite of myself I took the road to Sorgas. I swear to you, sir, I had no evil intention in my mind. I went along in a half dazed manner, feeling that I had grown very old. Life is hard for the poor. Finding myself near the cemetery, I thought I would visit the graves of my wife and child. Not wishing to be recognized, I took a short cut across the fields. The corn harvest was over, and as I walked I heard the stubble creaking under my feet.

All at once, on the other side of a ditch, I saw a donkey and heard a loud and prolonged bray. Coming closer, I saw it was Riquet, who had recognized me. He stretched his neck as far as his cord permitted, and looked at me with his beautiful eyes wide open. He stopped cropping the grass, and when I was near enough he took my coat very gently between his teeth and shook his head several times. I caressed him and sat down to look him well over. I found him much abused. On his back were sores made by wearing too heavy a saddle. His legs were covered with bloody scratches, and his coat, formerly so glossy, was now all rough and rusty. Poor Riquet! He laid his pretty head on my knees, at the same time looking behind me to see if by chance I had a morsel of bread hidden away for him—an old trick of his. It was the meeting of old friends after a long absence, but as evening approached we were forced to part.

Taking Riquet by the head, I said coldly, turning back once for a farewell look. I had scarcely gone a hundred steps when I felt a knock on my back. It was poor Riquet. He had broken his halter to follow me. I swear to it, your honor, I meant to take him back and tie him securely, but while I was leading him he looked at me so sadly that I fairly lost my strength. I saw, as in a dream, the happy morning when Dilonne and I set out to buy our donkey, taking with us little Solange.

"Do not leave me, I am so unhappy," his large, plaintive eyes seemed to say, and his look of misery filled me with pity. Then I was seized with a sudden folly and said to him, with a peculiar little clicking noise that he knew well, "Come!" Still holding him by the halter with my hands, we started and ran like veritable thieves. We both seemed to have renewed our youth. I ran, thinking only that I had regained a little of my lost happiness. I do not know how far we had gone when I heard a voice calling after me.

Instead of stopping I ran all the faster, Riquet leading and fairly dragging me after him. It was a wild chase, the earth fairly flying from under our feet! I was breathless, but could still hear the voice behind us carried on the wind. The blood was ringing in my ears, and my breath stopped in my throat. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand grasp my shoulder and a coarse voice said, "Thief!" It was all that the man could say, for he, too, was at the end of his strength. At last he regained his breath, and as we were nearing a village he made an effort to call to some men who were drinking and laughing at a tavern. He still held me by my collar, but had taken the halter out of my hand. Riquet no longer led the way. He was hauled along, and had a tricky look in his eye. The men answered the call, and as the grasp which was choking me relaxed I recognized the man who had bought Riquet.

Two officers prevented my escape. A crowd collected, and I had nothing to say in self defense. The farmer told of my wild flight, which of course aggravated the offense. Your honor, I assure you Riquet seemed to comprehend it all! They put me in prison and my donkey in the pound to await the trial. I only ask of you to give orders that Riquet shall be well cared for. This is the whole story. I have told it truthfully. I am here because I am guilty. In fact, we are both of us guilty. But I still maintain I am not a genuine thief. Respectfully your servant, JOSE.

"I shall not leave until after this trial," I said to my friend. "I wish to hear your judgment in the case of this poor fellow."

"There is something better than that which you can do," he replied. "I am not at liberty to do it, but you can find this farmer who claims the donkey. If you pay him the price of the donkey and a small sum in addition that will end it all."

No sooner said than done. For 100 francs I could have the little animal then and there, and th[illegible] only too glad to

We returned ter. One looked a I have since seen them together, going from village selling small wares. True friends rare.—Translated from the French of Jaques Morand for Romance by Anna K. Almy.

Oddities of the P. O.

The postmaster at Lawrence, Mass., once kept a record and copy of the addresses on envelopes sent out or received by him. Here are some specimens of the dead languages indulged in by senders:

AS WRITTEN.	AS INTENDED.
Illinose Do White	Dwight, Ills.
Lowistony, M.	Lewiston, Me.
Nascau Noo H.	Nashua, N. H.
La Wel.	Lowell, Mass.
S. F. c Claforozy.	San Francisco, Cal.
Pihlahdjdia.	Philadelphia.
Nowmarquette Now H.	Newmarket, N. H.
Fawriore.	Furnas, Mass.
n. h. hill.	Hill, N. H.
Physieepe C.	Pacific Corporation.
Eeaste Oborne.	East Auburn, Me.
Hams Bury.	Amesbury, Mass.
follrivver, Mas.	Fall River, Mass.
lornse mass.	Lawrence, Mass.
lorince Masschleusits.	Lawrence, Mass.

From the above it is plain that some letter writers could be benefited by studying up for a civil service examination.—St. Louis Republic.

The Pasture Lands of Montana.

A glance at the map will call to the attention the apparently contradictory fact that the principal seats of population in the state of Montana are directly in the Rocky mountain region. This is difficult for the majority of readers to account for. They think of the Rocky mountains as great bastions of bare stone—and such, indeed, the main range is; but the spurs and lesser or side ranges are grass clad or wooded elevations, and even amid the veritable Rockies themselves are innumerable valleys coated with the richest, most nutritious pasturage to be found anywhere in the world. In or beside such valleys are the cities built there to be close to the mines that are being worked in the mountains.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Tick of the American Watch.

The United States is fast crowding Switzerland out of the watch market, and there is no part of the world, no matter how remote, where the tick of the American watch cannot be heard. Today American factories turn out 35,000 watches a week. Almost the only timepieces imported are repeaters, stop watches, and those having special movement, which bring a high price.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Kind of Judge He Wanted.

The story is told of an Irishwoman who tried to console her husband with the remark that he would have a fair trial and an upright judge. "Yerra, woman," replied her spouse, "what'd I want wid an upright judge? What I wants is a judge that'll lean a little."—London Globe.

BALLOON WARFARE.

PROFESSOR MYERS SAYS NEW YORK COULD BE ATTACKED FROM ABOVE.

He Recalls the Trip Made by the Woman Aeronaut, Carlotta, in 1888—Gunners Could Not Hit the Balloons—European Countries Experimenting.

"Certain European powers are possessed of powerful airships so perfect and complete that in the event of war with the United States they could be sailed over New York or any of the cities near the seaboard and no power on earth could serve to check them before they had completely annihilated the cities attacked."

The above paragraph in a Chicago newspaper, extracted from a longer interview reported with me, is going the rounds of the press, accompanied with many doubting criticisms.

Independent of professional secrets, of which there are many among aeronauts, there exists evidence that the dangers referred to are very real. To make this plain I may recall the trip made in a hydrogen gas balloon by the woman aeronaut, Carlotta, in July, 1888, when she followed a prescribed and devious route across Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City, using a variety of wind currents simply by noting their elevations and floating on one or another at will by the usual method of dispensing gas or ballast.

The route was from Washington Park baseball grounds, Brooklyn, over the city hall, down to the Battery or Castle Garden; thence up the East river past the Brooklyn bridge; then at right angles across New York and to the Desbrosses Street ferry; thence diagonally down and across the North river to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, and thence up the whole length of Jersey City to Secaucus. Hundreds of thousands of people in these three great cities witnessed this flight, as the hour was between 4 and 5 p. m., when the cities' workers were going home.

A swift return current high up made it possible for the wind navigator to return in about ten minutes. A speed test was made at the same time of the resources of civilization for rapid transit below by boat, car, carriage and elevated road. To travel the same distance in this way required nine changes and two hours' time.

Now assume that Carlotta's ballast cast out along the route had consisted of inflammable compounds and destructive explosives (not dynamite, but something deadlier, which cannot be fired from a cannon), and one need only trace on the map the course noted to realize that a broad swath of carnage and flame would have more than taxed all the resources of these three cities—its finest police, its ambulances and hospitals and its magnificent fire departments.

So much for the work of an old fashioned gas balloon in the hands of a skillful air navigator. As a matter of ordinary professional business I am ready to contract to duplicate this exhibition.

Recent tests by foreign powers with modern artillery, firing at balloon targets under favorable conditions (not obtainable in actual balloon warfare), indicate that little is to be feared by the aeronaut. The mark itself is relatively small when distant.

Let any investigating marksman try his rifle on a toy balloon at moderate rifle range, and then remember how much easier of manipulation is this arm compared with cannon.

How many of the cannon protecting New York are adapted to elevations almost overhead? What would be the results of cannon balls or shells returning on the city after projection upward?

On the other hand, it is quite easy to slide the most dangerous missiles broadcast or on a slant, with guiding planes, in any direction from the airship.

The aeronautic services of foreign nations possess captive balloons for reconnoissance or complete observation of everything in sight, from above, over an immense area; signaling, including the transmission of cipher messages long distances by electrical flash lights, with the Morse code of long and short flashes or any other, and search lights indicating the position of an enemy at night without revealing the position of the vessel, fort or point to which the balloon is anchored.

The value of these aids to modern warfare can readily be appreciated. What is the position of the United States in this matter? England, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Russia, Italy, China and less important nations are well supplied with valuable aeronautical apparatus, schools of practice, etc., and many have construction plants and experimental divisions working more or less in secret on the construction of power driven airships.

As early as 1884-5 Commandant Reynard, of the aeronautical establishment of the French war department, made five trial trips with La France, on each of which he was able to return to the point of departure, and obtained a maximum speed of fourteen miles an hour with an electrical motor of nine horse power and total weight of 1,174 pounds. Calculations show that by simply doubling the known dimensions of this craft, its increased lifting power would permit the carrying of a motor of the same proportionate weight—130 pounds per horse power—which would produce a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. According to no less an expert and authority than Mr. Octave Chanute, president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, this velocity may be said to be "in sight."

Reports of private experiments since conducted indicate that as early as October, 1890, Commandant Reynard was in possession of a motor of seventy horse power, weighing, with ten hours' supplies, only 946 pounds, or 13½ pounds per horse power, instead of 130 pounds. With this La France could be driven twenty-eight miles an hour, and an airship of twice its dimensions might attain forty-five miles an hour.

I thus briefly touch the outlines of aerial possibilities and progress. If the American public or government fails to see their significance, other nations are wiser.—Carl E. Myers.

The Driver Ants.

The driver ants of Africa are so called because they drive before them while on march all other living creatures, no animal being able to withstand them. No beast, however formidable, dares to cross their track, and they will destroy in a single night all the pigs and fowls on a farm. The huge iguana lizards fall victims to them, as do snakes and all other reptiles. It is said that they begin their attack on the snake by biting its eyes and so blinding the prey, which, instead of running away, writhes helplessly in one spot. Natives of Africa assert that when the great python has crushed its captives in its folds it does not devour it at once, but makes a circuit of at least a mile in diameter in order to see whether an army of driver ants is on the march in the neighborhood. If so, it glides off and abandons its prey, which will soon be eaten by the ants.

If an army of these ants approaches a village the entire population is compelled to fly. Sometimes the people may be obliged to take to the water in order to save themselves. The insects travel in the night and on cloudy days, because they are quickly killed by the direct rays of the sun. Should the sun come out while they are making a journey they construct a continuous arch over their path out of earth agglutinated by a fluid excreted from their mouths. In cloudy weather an arch for the protection of the marching workers is constructed of the bodies of the larger soldier ants, whose widely extended jaws, long legs and projecting antennæ, intertwining, form a sort of network. In case of an alarm the arch is instantly broken and the insects which composed it join other soldiers on the flanks of the line, who seem to be acting as scouts, running about furiously in pursuit of the enemy. The alarm over, the arch is renewed and the column proceeds as before.—Washington Star.

What Drove Him to Enlist.

An American artist with whose name all lovers of good pictures are familiar was narrating some of his war experiences at his club a few evenings ago. He served during the last three years of the war and fairly won the distinction of being a brave soldier. "I am not disposed to boast of the motive that prompted me to enlist," said he to a group of deeply interested friends, "but I will tell you what it was. Soon after the war broke out I was induced by a persistent and smooth tongued book agent to subscribe for an expensive illustrated publication. It was to be delivered in parts, one part each month, and a payment of two dollars was to be made at each delivery. Well, after awhile I got tired of the thing and found the payments irksome. But I could not shake off the book agent. He became a nightmare to me, and finally to escape him I enlisted. Of course I had some inclination to go to the front anyhow, but the book agent was the direct cause of my enlisting.

"An exciting three years of service followed, but the end came and I was mustered out with thousands of others. I turned my face to the west, thinking that the best place to get a start in business. I went to Chicago, and, having engaged rooms in a lodging house, started out on prospecting tour. The first man to recognize me in that town was that irrepressible book agent. He cheerfully informed me that he had saved all of the 'parts' of the illustrated work for me and he would bring them to my lodgings the next day. But he did not, for I gave him a bogus address and left for New York that same night."—New York Times.

Facing a Buffalo.

We had not gone 200 steps when I saw six fine male buffaloes. Hiding behind anthills and taking advantage of the wind, which blew toward us, we slowly approached the animals. When we were within eighty paces of them they scented the danger, and the two which were on guard fixed their eyes in our direction.

We waited behind a sugar loaf anthill for half an hour, not daring to move for fear of scaring the game. Then I changed my mind and tried to reach another anthill a hundred feet away, from which I could shoot sideways, as I supposed, taking advantage of the bushes.

Without being noticed by Haggi, to whom I had said nothing of my intention, I started for the place. When I was half way between the two anthills I saw that Haggi was taking aim, and before I could call out to him the shot resounded.

The buffaloes looked up, uncertain whence came the danger. The grass where I stood was low and I was plainly visible. One of the animals was wounded in the shoulder, too high to break the bone, and foaming at the mouth with his tail in the air he rushed upon me.

I waited motionless till he was within twelve paces. Then I placed a ball in his head about an inch below the horns. He bent his hind legs, but recovered himself almost at once. I fired my second barrel and he fell lifeless to the ground.—"Seven Years in the Soudan."

The Hair Rope a Protection.

For some cause no rattlesnake will cross a hair rope. When a camping party is in a region infested with these vermin all that is necessary to protect the camp at night is to lay a hair lariat on the ground around the camp in such a way that no snake can approach the camp from any quarter without crossing the rope and the campers are perfectly secure from intrusion. Why it is no human being can explain, but that it is so has been too often proven to be doubted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Twin Maples.

At Greencastle, Ind., there are twin maple trees of equal size, but curiously grafted. At the height of fifty feet one makes a sharp angle, growing solidly into the body of the other, forming a natural arch. The trees at the base are about fifteen feet apart, and their identity cannot be distinguished at the point of confluence.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SHE WAS FROM CHICAGO.

Nothing Suited Her in the Metropolis, So She Went Back Home.

A friend of mine had a relative of the aunt degree from Chicago recently here on a visit. She was over fifty, but as nimble as a cricket and was never tired of comparing New York with her dear Chicago. Dear old innocent! she was so proud of her native city. She was taken down to the Battery and when she saw the bay she exclaimed:

"Dear me! And this is the ocean, is it? Well! well! Lake Michigan is bigger than this!"

They took her to old Trinity, but she said they had finer churches in Chicago, and told the acting deputy assistant sexton so. He was surprised.

"Is this the biggest graveyard you've got in New York?" she asked, looking over the ancient churchyard. They told her about Greenwood and went over to show it to her. Old women and young lovers are always interested in graveyards. She stopped a Brooklyn horse car and told the driver she was from Chicago and asked him where his car went to. While he was explaining they blocked up the street for a mile, and then she took another line. She sighed and declared the horse car people east were not as polite as they were in Chicago.

When they got over to Greenwood she asked a gardener if he knew where any of the Little family were buried. She once knew a person by that name who was buried in Greenwood. Although she made a good many inquiries of gravediggers and other workmen none of them could furnish her the information. To each one she said in a sort of a preliminary way that she was from Chicago. One man said that was all right—no apology was necessary. She looked over several acres of tombstones and finally gave it up. When they got back she tried shopping in Harlem. A short haired girl tried to sell her a piece of goods for twelve cents a yard.

"I can buy that in Chicago for eight cents," she declared. "I live in Chicago and you can't fool me on goods." And when she went out the short haired girl and the cashier and floor walker and cash girls ran out on the pavement to get another good look at her.

They went into Fulton market and everybody wanted to sell her something to eat, but she told them she was from Chicago and was only looking 'round to see what New York people ate. The buildings down town did not impress the old lady from Chicago much.

"I don't see any buildings here as big as the Rookery," she observed. "Did you ever see the Rookery?" she asked an elevator man in the Equitable.

"The Rookery?" says he. "What's that?"

"Why, in Chicago," says she. "I live in Chicago."

"Never been there, ma'm," says he. "Top floor."

"Dear me! The buildings are not as high here as they are in Chicago. This is the top floor."

They thought they would come up town on a Broadway car, and finally succeeded in stopping one. It was very much crowded. She wanted to ask the conductor something before she got on and began as usual:

"I'm from Chicago"——

"Chicago people take the next car," said he, and he rang the bell and left them standing in the street.

This hurt the old lady's feelings, and that night she declared she had enough of New York. Next morning she packed up and left for her home in the setting sun, saying that Chicago was good enough for her. She had heard a good deal about New York, but give her Chicago every time.—New York Herald.

Why Foreign Weeds Flourish Here.

Why should it be that plants of another country not only find their way here, but after arriving assert themselves with a vigor far surpassing our native herbs? Dr. Gray, in writing upon this point says, "As the district here in which the weeds of the Old World prevail was naturally forest clad, there were few of its native herbs which, if they could bear the exposure at all, were capable of competition in the cleared land with emigrants from the Old World."

The European weeds had through long ages adapted themselves to the change from forest to cleared land, and were therefore prepared to flourish here in the rich forest soil that was suddenly exposed to the sun and subjected to other new conditions by the felling of the trees.—Professor Byron D. Halstead in Popular Science Monthly.

A Chemist's Last Request.

Without the contrasted patience of moral and physical pain there are men of high intellect for whom the latter has no terrors. The chemist Lavoisier was summoned during the Reign of Terror in France to his death; he calmly requested a few days in order to see the result of some experiments which he had in progress—in vain. This great philosopher of his day fell an immediate martyr to the political necessities of the ruthless tyrant Robespierre.—Chambers' Journal.

A Lucky Boy.

Small Boy—Dickie Dartt is the luckiest boy I know. He is always havin somethin nice happen. He went to the theater las' night.

Little Sister—You often go too.

Small Boy—Yes, but there was a fire in this theater, an a awful panic, an lots of people got crushed, an he was there an saw th' whole business.

Little Sister—Where is he now.

Little Boy—In a hospertal.—Good News.

Paper of the Ancients.

The interior bark of trees was formerly used to write upon, and its Latin name (Liber, a bark) seems to intimate that its use was as ancient as the art of writing itself. In one respect the bark was superior to the leaf; it could be rolled into a volume, while the leaf would crack if subjected to such a process.—New York World.

How City Women Earn a Living.

New York women, and perhaps city women in general, when they are suddenly called upon to earn their living, are much more independent about it and much more original in their methods than women of smaller places, and where womanly pursuits, as they are regarded, follow more closely prescribed lines. The New York woman has more knowledge of the world, and she knows that one can do pretty much as one pictures, if it is done with a certain dash, a something-carrying-all-before-it air. When she comes to work for her living she profits by this knowledge.

Instead of becoming a governess and teacher of music she tries to get hold of something original and that will excite interest. When she has found it she holds it up, as it were, on a blazoned banner, inscribed with the legend, "I have not a penny to my name, and am going to work." She accepts the situation with the greatest good humor, and makes herself welcome to all the old set by relating her discouragements, trials and mistakes so comically that she is better company than ever before. If her story is not bad enough, she embroiders it to the proper point of attractiveness.

A bevy of such girls did decorative painting on the ceiling of one of the show houses of the town. They worked on scaffolding as men do, lay down, or let their feet hang over, and at luncheon time sat around on the floor, gossiped and took brief noontide naps, if they so pleased, like hodcarriers. One of these girls laid in the ground colors and worked on the draperies of the mural paintings in one of the prominent churches. She did her work on a high scaffold, and to lessen the chances of catching her skirts she wore a pair of her brother-in-law's trousers under her blue flannel painting costume. A girl in a small town would feel that she had lost caste forevermore if she ever worked on a scaffold like a day laborer from 9 until 5, with an hour for luncheon.—New York Evening Sun.

Appendicitis.

The intestines consist of two principal parts, the small and the large. The small intestine extends, in a sort of coil, from the stomach to the right side of the lower part of the abdomen. The large intestine, into which the other opens through a narrow slit, extends from this point to the upper part of the abdomen, and then crosses over and descends on the left side. It is called the colon.

From the lowest part of the ascending colon projects a hollow, worm shaped appendage a few inches long, with a diameter about the size of a lead pencil. This is known as the vermiform appendix. Fecal matter and occasionally a seed may find its way into the appendix, and cause it to become inflamed.

The inflammation is appendicitis. It tends to form an abscess, which breaks generally into the abdomen, but sometimes into the liver, the bladder, the chest or the veins. When it breaks into the abdomen it gives rise to that painful and dangerous disease, peritonitis.

Appendicitis is a more common disease than physicians were formerly aware of, for many cases that were formerly looked upon as colic are now known to have been appendicitis. It is of supreme importance that the disease should be recognized early, since the main hope of recovery lies in a surgical operation, and this must be performed early or not at all.

Without such an operation the pus becomes septic or putrid, and fills the system with blood poison. This change in the pus takes place by the third day. Yet many patients will not consent to an operation until the case becomes one of life or death, and not a few physicians even sympathize with them.—Youth's Companion.

Eugene Field's Wife.

Mrs. Eugene Field is always spoken of as a little woman, but as a matter of fact she is somewhat above the medium height and fully up to the medium weight. Her head is rather small and her hands and feet extremely so, and somehow she gives the impression of littleness. She has soft brown hair and eyes—velvet eyes, her husband calls them—and a complexion as clear and fair as a child's. She is the mother of six children, three of whom live to remind her that in spite of her youthful appearance time is fleeting. Her eldest is a daughter of fifteen, already taller than her mother. She is the Mary French Field to whom Mr. Field's "Little Book of Profitable Tales" is dedicated. The other two are boys, Eugene, aged twelve, and Frederic, aged ten. The latter is the baby of the family. It was to him that Mr. Field addressed his lines "To a Usurper," written five or six years ago.—John Ballantyne in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Remarkable Parrot.

A gifted parrot is owned by John Sewey, of Noank, Conn. The bird was captured in a Mexican forest thirty-five years ago by its present owner, and brought to this country. It speaks English fluently, and is so respectful that when it has cause for anger a foreign tongue is chosen to express its indignation. In other words, it fears to offend polite ears by swearing in English. It therefore relieves itself by cursing vigorously and vehemently in Spanish. It takes its place at the table with the family, in a chair that just fits it, and, with a napkin under his neck, feeds itself with a spoon held in one claw, while it rests on the other. Its favorite diet is ice cream.—Yankee Blade.

The Buzzing in a Piano.

Nine times out of ten the buzzing or singing noises that are so frequently heard are outside of the piano. It may be the mica in the stove, or a hanging lamp near by, or an easel on the piano, or a score of other things whose keynotes vibrate in sympathy with the tones of the instrument. In the horizontal piano small articles such as pins, beads, etc., frequently find their way into the sounding board and cause great annoyance.—Exchange.

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

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"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."

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Cures others, will cure you

Some of the Alliance men in Kansas have a plan to place Jerry Simpson at the head of the ticket.

Guatemala has arranged to make a fine exhibit at the World's fair.

Miss Kate Marsden, who made a visit to the lepers of Siberia, has formulated a plan to provide hospitals for them.

People's party leaders have declared that they would be pleased with the nomination of Senator Stewart of Nevada and Representative Watson of Georgia for president and vice president.

Chairman Brice will call the national Democratic committee together Monday, June 20, the day preceding the convention.

John Burgeson of Perry, Ia., and a man named Jefferson quarreled in the mining town of Angus, and the latter struck Burgeson on the head with a hatchet, inflicting a fatal wound. Jefferson was arrested.

John Gilson, secretary of the Judson Manufacturing company, was robbed of $17,000 by two men on a train in San Francisco.

Excessive heat at Burlington, Ia., caused a number of prostrations. Thermometers registered 100 in the shade.

Frank Waller of the Acme Bicycle club of Oakland, Cal., broke the world's record for twenty-four hours by 2 m. 14 yds.

Harvesting wheat has begun near Metropolis, Ills. There as a larger yield, and no damage by rust or floods.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J E Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G E Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 290 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 726 Hiaman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N J Francoeur, Treas; Dr P W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 W 12th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKinley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Ferrigo, C R, 2057 State st; Henry B Meyers, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P B MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 237 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 168 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 193 32d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 32d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet 1st hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 421 W Ohio st; D E Hanson, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Feuilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1099 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 36th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Montager, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenhann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 726 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lanth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Leveseur, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 3 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Syacm, C P. Meet in Godality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 439 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Vana, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Frank O B, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 155 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Perhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Lake Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 222 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] chell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tuner, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bindemer, R S, 136 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 23 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne ave.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Fusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleaver court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 3:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4945 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brisski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiegel, R S, 38 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werbstim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cook Level Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fourtier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dupuis, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Ashland av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 5544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 595 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr., R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Hetterich, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Vana, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; E P Merwin, Treas; Dr H H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Mellen, F S; Frank Fick, Treas; Dr Chas Vana, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 904 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—F E Hickey, C R, 1432 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2049 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2017 Emerald av; O Niembach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sangar st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranis, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J H Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Oronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.
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Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lee, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. J. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorris hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec, F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3602 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 603 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3760 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1263 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., P. Molloy, 476 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4326 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres., J F Hankins, Box 360, Pullman; V. P., M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3212 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1026 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

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Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-Pres, John Maher; Rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; Fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Donnehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p. m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, Jean J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich't J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas, Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James R. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 3 p m.

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Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 3 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Godality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

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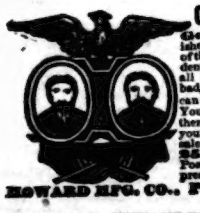

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Superior Court of Cook County May Term, A. D. 1891. Martha J. Eldridge vs. Frank N. Eldridge. In Chancery. No. 189,542.

Affidavit of the non residence of Frank N. Eldridge, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Frank N. Eldridge that the complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court, against said defendant, returnable at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of July next (1892) as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said Frank N. Eldridge, shall personally be and appear before said Superior Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof to be holden at Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of July, 1892, and plead, answer, or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill. P. McGRATH, Clerk.

George B. Hennessy, Complainant's Solicitor.

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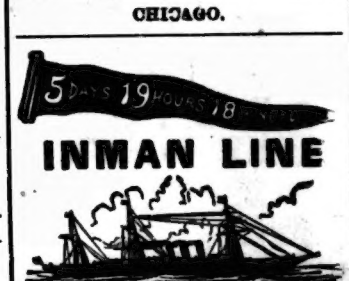

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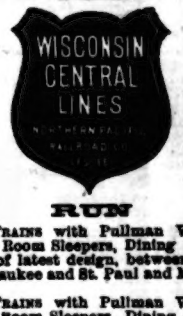

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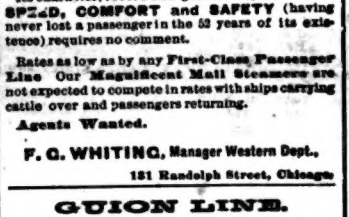

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